The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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A GAY DECEIVER THRASHED.

Two of the Fair Sex Mete Out a Well-Deserved Lesson to a Masher.

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13 WEEKS 13

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OUR MOTTO,
"BE JUST AND FEARLESS."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HENRY RUSSELL.—Jem Mace met Charley Mitchell about five years ago at Glasgow, when Mitchell obtained the decision from the referee. Jem Mace is about 5ft 9½in, Charley Mitchell 5ft 8½in, and Tom Sayers was 5ft 8½in.

S. T.—Cheque has been forwarded to you for full amount of deposit. We make no charge for holding stake money.

J. W. S.—It would be a hard matter to decide. Send full explanation, and we can judge impartially.

CONSTANT READER (Triorchy).—1. We should say Corbett is champion of America, Jackson champion of Australia and England, and the failure on the part of Corbett and Jackson to come to terms would not in any way affect any championship title. Corbett claims the world's championship, but we can hardly see how he is entitled to that honour. 2. It was declared "no contest."

JACK (H.M.S. Anson).—Lord Nelson was buried at St. Paul's on January 9, 1806.

T. BROWN (Croydon).—The ancient popular sport of bear-baiting was prohibited by Parliament in 1835.

BEATRICE.—The Beauty Show opened at Spa, Belgium, September 19, 1888. The first prize, about £400, was won by Mdlle. Berthe Soucaret, aged eighteen, a Creole, of Guadaloupe.

J. B. C. (Birmingham).—"Home, Sweet Home" was composed by John Howard Payne, an American actor, who died in 1852.

H. R. (Bristol).—The Mersey Tunnel was opened February 13, 1885.

NED (Kensington).—You are right; the foundation stone of the Tower Bridge was laid June 21, 1886, by the Prince of Wales.

SUBSCRIBER (Brixton).—David Salomons, a Jew, was Lord Mayor of London 1885-6.

SHOREDITCH.—Millbank Penitentiary was closed November 6, 1890.

DICK (Eltham).—The Trafalgar Square riot started February 8, 1886; the estimated damage was £11,000.

OLD READER (Leeds).—Robert Goodale was executed November 30, 1885; his head was severed through the long drop.

ST. PAUL.—The order of the Sisters of Charity was founded by Vincent de Paul in 1634; established in London, 1834.

ACTOR (Manchester).—The first play-bill was dated "8 April, 1663. By his majestie his company of comedians, at the New Theatre, in Drury Lane, will be acted a comedy called 'The Humourous Lieutenant.'" After detailing the characters, it concludes thus: "The play will begin at three o'clock exactly."

MEDICO (Dublin).—Dr. Philip Crose was convicted at Cork of poisoning his wife with arsenic and strychnine, December 17, 1887. Executed January 10, 1888.

POLICE (Kennington).—Police of the United Kingdom, 1890:—England and Wales, 39,221; Scotland, 4,103; Ireland, 13,921; total, 57,245.

ABLE SEAMAN (H.M.S. Hawke).—Robert Jeffrey, a British man-of-war's man, was put ashore at Sombrero, a desert in the West Indies, by his commander, the Hon. Captain W. Lake, for having tapped a barrel of beer when the ship was on short allowance. After sustaining life for eight days on a few limpets and rain-water, he was saved by an American vessel, December 13, 1807, and returned to England. Sir Francis Burdett advocated his cause in Parliament, and he received £600 as a compensation from Captain Lake, who was tried by court-martial, and dismissed the service, February 10, 1810.

H. C.—We know of no boxing room or club nearer than the Whitfield Hall, Whitfield Street, Tottenham Court Road. There used to be one in Bell Street, Edgware Road, but we do not know if it is discontinued.

"JEWEY" COOKE.

A Bloomsbury Boxer who Contemplates a Trip to America.

(With Portrait.)

"JEWEY" COOKE, of Bloomsbury, has been fairly successful as a boxer in the 8st 6lb division, and is about to start for the United States in order to do battle against some of the lads there at even weight for purses.

A DONKEY THAT DIED FROM DRINK.

SAUSAGE purveyors might give a hint as to the eventual disposal of the bodies of the patient drudge; but how few mortals have ever seen a dead donkey! A dead donkey is a *rara avis*; but a donkey that absolutely died from drink may justly lay claim to be considered phenomenal.

At the John Bull, Gunnersbury—that halfway house so sacred to the memory of 'Appy 'Ampton and the costers' carnival—is a glass case from which the head of a donkey gazes mournfully from above the bar on to the surrounding scene. This donkey has a history. Early orphaned, it was never shod, and ran about the house like a pet lamb. Not being *debarred* it ran about the *bar*, and early evinced a liking for the liquors dispensed there. This donkey had no particular "weakness," but bestowed its favours on malt or spirituous liquors with due impartiality. Like a music-hall chairman, it drank with all who asked it, and, in process of time, it drank with those who did not. The conversation at the bar of the John Bull was this donkey's opportunity. The orator, more intent on his oratory than his drink, turning to his modest quencher for inspiration, found a new departure in spirits; and it was not until master "Neddy Bray" was caught in *flagrante delicto* that the real culprit was discovered, and the customers at the John Bull became aware of the orphan's inordinate drink craze, which had reduced it to the position of a petty larcener.

"Neddy's" conduct at the bar of the John Bull resulted, at length, in that animal solving a problem which has puzzled the minds for ages of many sages. Soon there came a time when the rattle of the orphan's hoofs no more awoke the echoes of the John Bull—the dead donkey became *un fait accompli*, and the melancholy figure-head in the glass case, looking down on the scenes that are past, the only testimony to the existence of a donkey that died from drink.

MAUD: "I understand that Jack proposed to you last night and you refused him."

Marie: "Yes: although, poor fellow, I am afraid that if he had not left me so hurriedly I might have relented and accepted him."

Maud: "So he told me."

* * *

SHERIFF (on the morning of the execution): "Was the prisoner impudent when you told him to get ready for the scaffold?"

Deputy: "Er—he told me he'd be hanged if he would."

* * *

EAGER MAIDEN: "Well, Reginald, what did papa say?"

Rejected Suitor (about to depart): "It cannot be expressed in words. All that I can tell you is that his answer gave me great pain."

WE can't say we are infatuated with the rising generation of the short-haired fraternity, because they are a difficult lot to please. We have yet to meet a single one who has signified his satisfaction or gratitude when we have written up a flattering notice; but just criticise one of them on a single occasion and he is a mortal enemy, and all the old score is immediately wiped off.

Whilst in the midst of an editorial the other day a fellow with a flattened dial burst into our sanctum and exclaimed, "'Ere, you, are you the cove wot writes up de MIRROR?" We acknowledged that unfortunately we were forced to perform that function in order to keep body and soul together. "Well, guv'nor," he said, "'ere's me reckud, wot's right, and I wants you to took me picture like, and put de whole business in de MIRROR. Make me purty like, so me donah can show it to her chums; and say, guv'nor, you needn't make de picture as big as Paddy Slavin's. 'Bout de same same size as de Coffee Cooler's will do. When I looks at Slavin's picture in de paper I goes looking for him to show Paddy wot a good-looking bloke he was. He don't look so purty when he looks at hisself in de glass, and I just wanted to perceive de expression on his dial when I flashes de paper; but say, d'ye know Slavin had six copies in each pocket, and was just stopping everybody he knew to show how he looked before Peter Jackson whacked him?"

We disposed of our subject by sending him to our photographer's, and whether he broke the camera or not we don't know. We can only say that the wood block containing the portrait is several days overdue, but presume it will eventually turn up. Possibly the scrapper's dial is being doctored up. What's this? Can it be true? He has won a hundred fights, had seven draws, and been beaten only once, and then the referee used him wrong. Game enough to take his death in the ring, and was never known to nob for a ha'penny. In order to do justice to the wonder of the nineteenth century we shall be compelled to lay his record over for a week or two, because, as he has written it, we should have to reserve at least four columns of our paper for the joker.

* * *

OUR CHRISTMAS TURKEY ASSURED.—We are now looking forward to Christmas, because we feel quite certain the boss of our show intends giving us a turkey for a present. Why we anticipate such a surprise is because we overheard him ask the office boy if they allowed a discount providing a man bought a dozen. There are just eleven connected with our show, so it does look as though he means we shall eat turkey.

* * *

IT is beyond our comprehension why some men are tolerated in decent company. We happened to attend the Belsize Boxing Club's show the other night, and hearing loud language we drifted in close proximity to the spot from whence it emanated, and soon learned that an instructor of sparring was making use of pretty strong language, and he directed it against the Coffee Cooler, who had only just left the hall. We say "strong" language because the individual claimed that he would not disrobe in the same room as did Craig, lest there might be an odour emanating from the Cooler. We were pleased to hear one gentleman remark that he would wager that Craig cleansed himself more frequently than the sparring instructor did, and while some people found Craig obnoxious gentlemen were always pleased to enjoy his company. Craig is not popular with the scrappers for several reasons, viz., he is highly educated, and can speak four languages; he always strives to be in the company of gentlemen; he don't drink, smoke, or cadge; he never makes use of foul language; he dresses in the height of fashion, and when his services are required he demands a large price, and gets it too; he is a thorough artist aside from his accomplishment as a pugilistic champion; and last, but not least, he liquidates all his obligations at the rate of twenty shillings in the pound.

* * *

A LOCAL boxer who looks after his family before squandering his cash in the various pubs is certainly worthy of recognition, and that is why one has elevated himself in our estimation the past week. He earned £3 10s., and before the money got cold in his pocket he was beside his wife. He gave her a sovereign to set aside for a Christmas dinner, paid two weeks rent, bought her a new frock and a pair of boots, and spent all the rest, excepting two shillings in replenishing the larder. The result is that the young man feels happy, as does his wife, and he now has no occasion to worry from whence his next fortnight's food will come. It is indeed a good display of thrift.

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

DOCTOR: "You have an excess of adipose tissue, madam."

Patient: "Good gracious, doctor! Do you suppose that's what makes me so fat?"

* * *

COLLECTOR: "Say, look here; I'm tired of calling here about this bill."

The Debtor: "Well, I'm mighty glad to hear it."

* * *

AND now the coal man roars with glee:
The wedded man before him quails,
But keeps his eye on the coal man
While he monkeys with the scales!

* * *

"WELL," said the jolly man, "I suppose you feel thankful this week?"

"Yes," replied the misanthrope; "that I'm not a turkey."

* * *

HUNGRY HIGGINS: "Dat's a mighty short butt you are smokin'."

Weary Watkins: "I know it, but I don't have to draw the smoke so fur, see?"

* * *

HE: "Would that I could save your life to prove my devotion."

She: "You can do me almost as great a favour."

He: "What is it?"

She: "Mrs. acre my chaperons."

* * *

TEACHER: "Mr. Gusher, can you describe the feeling or passion of love?"

Gusher: "Yes, sir; sentiment without sense!"

* * *

THE impecunious young man who marries a girl with a substantial cheque attached may very properly be said to have been checkmated.

* * *

"DON'T you think," she said to her husband, "that you indulge in poker altogether too much?"

"Well," he replied thoughtfully, "I suppose it does look that way to you. It seems like indulgence to me until the game is over. Then it's self-denial."

* * *

CHARLES: "When can you return that sov. I lent you?"

Henry: "To-morrow."

Charles: "Can't you do better than that?"

Henry: "What better could I do?"

Charles: "Well, you see, I want to use it two months hence."

* * *

BELLE: "I wouldn't marry a man who I thought knew less than I did."

Blanche: "Nor I, but I wouldn't mind if I merely thought that he thought so."

* * *

FOREMAN: "There's the colonel outside there, lookin' daggers at you."

Editor: "Thank heaven, he's abandoned the shot gun!"

* * *

"DOCTOR, do you think my wife will recover?"

"Oh, yes. I told her I already had a wife picked out for you in case she didn't get well."

* * *

"HERE, Bill," gasped the man on the ground to the man who was jumping on his stomach with a pair of heavy boots, "that ain't fair. This is nothing but a fight; it ain't no football game!"

* * *

"THERE, my love," said the young husband, as he placed a large bundle on the table. "I've bought you a pair of sleeves."

"Oh, you darling," exclaimed the delighted wife, "I am so happy! Anything will do for a dress."

* * *

THIS is the way the little boy's parents overheard him saying it:

Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
And if the bed shuts up on me
I pray the Lord to set me free.

* * *

"DID you foreclose that mortgage on Johnson's mule?"

"Yes."

"What did he do?"

"Kicked."

"Who? Johnson?"

"No; the mule!"

LIFE'S MIRRORINGS.

By E. S.

THE PRIG, THE POLICEMAN, AND THE PLUNDER.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

(*Concluded.*)

Chapter II.

Two or three days after the above events Sergeant Brown said to Constable Jones, at the Well Police Station: "Jones, there's that 'ere piece of cheese which you arrested in company with that 'ere young Priggins; it's been knocking about here for some days. What do you intend to do with it?"

"Well, sergeant, as it won't have any bearing on young Priggins' case, he being 'fullied' for having housebreaking implements in his possession, and not cheese, with your permission I'll take it home to my wife. I know she would think a great deal more of it as a present from me than if she were to buy it at a shop. She is dead nuts on old cheese, and would rather have that than anything else I could give her."

"All right," said Sergeant Brown, and Constable Jones placed the horrid compound in his greatcoat pocket, and on the cessation of duty departed from the police-station with that garment over his arm.

Constable Jones, proceeding in the direction of his home, rubbed his chin thoughtfully, and as he did so he became aware of the fact that it was a bit stubbly—a fact which induced the constable to proceed to a neighbouring barber's shop at which he was accustomed to be shaved, policemen thirty years ago not being allowed the luxury of a beard.

On entering the "shaving emporium," as the little barber delighted to call his establishment, Constable Jones placed his overcoat on the shaving chair, and proceeded to deposit himself also in that receptacle in the position to be what the little barber termed "hoperated on."

"Nice day, Mr. Jones." Sniff, sniff.

"Pretty fair," replied Constable Jones, with the reticence peculiar to Scotland Yard.

"Anything fresh!" Sniff, sniff.

"No," said Constable Jones, with the air of a man full of State secrets, and careful to guard himself against betraying them. "Nothing fresh, nothing fresh."

"No, I should think not by what I have at present under my nose. I feel just now as though I were in a dissecting-room assisting to make a post-mortem; I cannot make out where the smell comes from," exclaimed the unfortunate little barber in suffocated tones. "I seem to have brought away with me the corpse I was called out to-day to shave. By the by, Mr. Jones, have you had any 'Found Drownds' brought into the station and been a handling of 'em?"

This was too much for Constable Jones, who desired the barber to "move on" after the manner peculiar to his cloth, at the same time demanding what he meant by sniffing at him as though he were a pomatum pot.

"Pomatum pot, indeed; it's something much worse than that, I can assure you, Mr. Jones," and in his inability to withstand the pungent fumes which found their way through the constable's coat, the poor barber allowed his razor to play such havoc on the officer's face that that functionary could stand it no longer. Jumping up, he seized the towel from the barber's hands to stanch the blood flowing from the numerous cuts, and vowing to have the law against the operator, he took his overcoat, in which was the guilty cheese, and flung himself out of the shop.

Feeling dreadfully annoyed at the state of his visage, Constable Jones did as most persons of his class do who are a "bit upset." He entered the Corner Pin, and placing his overcoat on the counter, proceeded to call for a glass of his favourite mixture.

"Hallo! Jones," said the landlord, "whatever have you been doing with yourself? Has the white sergeant been giving you her ten commandments? or have you had some bother with a drunken woman at the station yonder?"

"A cursed barber, just come home nervous from shaving a corpse, tried his hand at making one of me," said Jones, showing a bloodstained handkerchief with which he had vainly tried to stanch the sanguine fluid issuing from his visage. "But, never mind, staring at it like a blooming image won't improve my blessed mug, so give us the usual, quick."

The "usual" was served out, and Jones, who had deposited his overcoat on the counter, was preparing to drink when an exclamation from Boniface arrested the glass and his attention at the same time.

"Good God, man! What have you got inside your overcoat? If the barber had this under his nose, I don't wonder that he cut you. Anybody would *cut* you with a coat smelling like that." And Boniface laughed heartily, whether at his joke or at Jones is not known.

However, it had the effect of very much annoying Constable Jones, who, smarting from his recent wounds, and also from the jocularity of Boniface, cursed the impudence of barbers and publicans, and "drowned his sorrows in the flowing bowl," eventually returning home in the most quarrelsome of humours to his better half.

Mrs. Jones, horrified at the blood and cuts on her husband's visage, anxiously enquired of the constable why he was so late home and whatever had happened to his face.

Constable Jones being in that stage of liquor described as quarrelsome, resented his wife's allusion to his disfigurement, and one word having brought up another, there was soon a matrimonial kick-up of rather more severity than usual.

"This comes of trying to do a kind action," said Jones, taking the decomposed cheese, the cause of all his trouble, from his pocket. "If I hadn't thought of bringing you this bit of old cheese, I should never have got into this state. You deserve old cheese, you do, you vixen! Take it!"

Mrs. Jones might have taken it full in the face had Jones been able to preserve his equilibrium; but the half-drunken constable stumbled in taking aim, and the noxious mess, missing the object intended, expended its full force on the wall paper, where, flattened out like a large pancake, it clung as tenaciously as though it was part and parcel of the domestic economy of the home, where, although nearly lost to sight, it was still dear to memory, for it filled the room with an odour the reverse of attar of roses.

"Oh, you wretch!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, as she looked at the state of the wall and the flattened out condition of a dainty which she dearly prized.

Overcome by her feelings she burst into tears, and as her sobs almost choked her utterance she continued to bewail her misfortune in having such a husband, and *not* having such cheese. Finding the constable not brought to a sufficient state of repentance by her sobs, Mrs. J. resorted to a little physical exercise, and exclaiming, "Where did you get your face scratched, you wretch?" proceeded to tear open the old wounds, and make them bleed afresh.

Jones, although a constable, was still a man. The opening of his old wounds afresh inflamed him to such a pitch of anger and agony that, forgetting his duty as a constable, as a man, as a husband, and every other responsibility in his excitement, he brought that hand with which he vowed to protect heavily down upon the head of the unfortunate Mrs. Jones, and stretched her lifeless and bleeding at his feet.

Chapter III.

Constable Jones was now instantly obsered by this catastrophe into the "active and vigilant." As all his efforts to restore his wife to consciousness failed, his fears for her safety became doubled for his own. Having attended the Old Bailey in an official capacity, he already pictured himself arraigned as a murderer. Visions of committal and trial, the putting on of the black cap by the judge after the ominous word "Guilty" by the jury, the condemned cell, and all the ghastly preparations of the scaffold flitted before him. The constable saw himself between the chaplain and the executioner (these events occurred when executions were public) looking on the thousands of upturned faces for one sympathetic look, and meeting only the triumphant and malevolent gaze of the many whom his evidence as a policeman had helped to convict. Sympathy there was none, but on every side he saw a joyous exultation in witnessing the agony of his approaching shameful death. Rousing himself at length from these horrible visions of the future, Jones staggered rather than walked to procure a glass of water to moisten his tongue and parched lips. As he did so his eyes caught the reflection of his visage in a looking-glass over the mantelpiece, and, strange to tell, the constable's hair was perfectly white. Yes, his hair, which a few minutes previous to this domestic tragedy had vied with the raven's hue in blackness, was now white as the untrodden snow, and his features pale and haggard. Years seemed to have elapsed since the fatal encounter.

Afraid to call in the neighbours or medical aid for fear of evil consequences to himself, Jones sat meditating by the side of the corpe as to what was best to be done, until his thoughts were absolutely maddening.

At first the constable determined on flight, next upon the cutting up of the body and distributing it in small portions over the metropolitan area. Next he commenced piling on the fuel with the evident intention of cremating the remains of the late and very much lamented; but one after another all these schemes for the disposal of the body were dismissed in favour of one which, although happening once upon a time many hundred years ago, had, to the mind of Jones, a decided idea of novelty.

Now, this idea was to dress the body of the unfortunate Mrs. Jones in her every-day walking attire, and then, when all was still and at rest, to carry the body out and deposit it in some quiet place near the house, in order that the finder of the corpse might think death was the result of an accident, and that the unfortunate Mrs. Jones had come to her end through a fall.

Suspended from some nails fixed in the door was his wife's walking apparel, and in it Jones proceeded to place her remains. When all was quiet the constable opened his street door, and gazing cautiously round to see that the street was quite deserted, he emerged with his ghastly burden. Jones had not proceeded far, however, when he heard the measured tread of one of the guardians of the night, at which he hastily dropped his burden against the nearest doorway, where, leaving the late Mrs. Jones standing as large as life, and almost as natural, he quickly beat a retreat back to his house, the door of which he had left open, a prey to loneliness and terror.

Now when Constable Jones, hearing footsteps, had hurried off, there appeared another constable on the scene, who, seeing the body of the late Mrs. Jones reclining in the doorway, imagined that he was dealing with some drunken unfortunate, and, with a shove for which the "force" is famous, desired the lady to "move on." The late Mrs. Jones having passed the resisting stage spun along the pavement until her head came in contact with the kerb, where, as a natural consequence, it refused to "move on," even at the policeman's command. Finding his request not complied with, the constable, by the aid of his lantern, brought his bull's-eye to bear upon his "moving on" job, and discovering no signs of life, a misfortune which he attributed to the "moving on" process, became alarmed for his own safety—an alarm which he ended by moving on the body to the beat of another active and vigilant officer.

Now it happened that the policeman on this beat was a recent gigantic importation to the police force from the Emerald Isle, who rejoiced in the sobriquet of "Irish Mike." Now this same Mike, who was the possessor of the largest pair of hands in the force, had a patent method of producing sobriety, however drunk and incapable might be the person on whom he experimented. Seeing the body of the late Mrs. Jones sitting on the kerb, where it had been deposited by the policeman on the next beat, Mike looked upon her as a fair subject on which to experimentalise. So, quickly putting in practice his favourite theory, he seized the head of the body between his huge hands, and began rubbing the ears so vigorously between his palms as not only to almost detach the auriculars but the head also.

Whether Mrs. Jones's insensibility had been due to a long-protracted swoon or trance has never been ascertained, but the effects of Mike's handiwork were remarkable. First the lady gave a moan, then a groan, and finally, as the ear rubbing continued, a terrible shriek of agony.

"I thought that would bring you to," said Mike, little dreaming that he had done something in the interests of science that would have knocked the faculty—a something which had it been known would have set the colleges of surgeons and physicians and the whole newspaper press at loggerheads in trying to discover the analogy between cause and effect.

"Oh, don't murder me; oh, please don't murder me!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones.

"Try and pull yourself together," exclaimed Mike.

"Where am I? Oh, where am I?" and then, putting her hands to her head, which ached almost to madness from the effects of Irish Mike's restorative, Mrs. Jones remembered the episode of the cheese, the scuffle, and its ultimate results, and she became discreetly silent.

"Come, come, me jewel," said Mike, "yez can't stop here."

"Take me home! Take me home!"

"Take yez home, indade. No, yer jist booked as a drunk and disorderly. I know yez."

In spite of the protestations of Mrs. Jones that she was a virtuous married woman, the wife of a constable, and that she was proceeding home when she was overtaken with an attack of insensibility to which she was subject, Mike proceeded in true Hibernian fashion to drag Mrs. J. to the police-station.

The inspector on duty happened to know Mrs. Jones, and Mike, instead of receiving the reward of merit for having performed not only his duty, but something very much beyond, was snubbed by the inspector, who refused to take the charge, and allowed Mrs. Jones to remain by the station-house fire until she was well enough to return home.

Now, although Constable Jones was minding an empty house, one room sufficed for his domestic requirements, and in that room Jones, after disposing of the supposed corpse of his wife, tossed restlessly on the bed, his bloodshot eyes fixed on the putrescent cheese, the cause of all his misery, which still remained flattened against the wall. As he did so, to his horror he observed the form of his wife glide in at the door, and, walking up to the place where the horrid mess was sticking, deliberately commence eating the nauseous compound.

Had Jones seen a ghoul or vampire dig up a newly-made grave, break open the coffin, and devour the body of the occupant, he could not have been more startled. Here was his wife, whom he supposed dead, eating the putrid cheese. Jones sat up in bed a prey to the most fearful horror, while his wife (who had let herself quietly into the house after leaving the police-station) was so appalled by the sight of her husband's white hair, that she left the cheese to rush to the bedside just in time to see Jones swoon.

It was many a long day before Jones fully recovered from the effects of that awful fright. Mrs. Jones, forgetting the past, nursed her husband back to health and reason. The visitor to the abode of the Jones's might notice on the mantel-shelf the picture of a piece of old cheese, but would never suspect the tale of dreadful import which belongs to it. That picture of the piece of cheese was there to keep the peace and to check any conjugal outbreak, with the result that Mr. and Mrs. Jones lived so harmoniously ever afterwards as to qualify themselves for the famous flitch of bacon annually given away at Dunmow, in Essex, to all couples who prove themselves worthy of the gift by living twelve months in conjugal felicity.

BILL NELSON.

A Paddington Pugilist who Challenges England at 6st 6lb.

(*With Portrait.*)

Bill is a prominent member of the small-weed family, as his weight, 6st 6lb, will testify. Nelson has taken upon himself the championship at this weight. Bill Langford, of St. Luke's, who defeated Bill, is hailed by the latter as the 6st 10lb champion of the world. With varying success Bill has beaten some of the best at the above weight, and when the lad has suffered defeat it has been by a boxer of greater poundage than himself. Bill was born in Paddington on July 18, 1875, but now hails from Battersea. Bill is willing to box any lad in England, give or take 2lb, at the above weight.

ALFRED BEVAN.

Proprietor of Several Sporting and Theatrical Drums in Birmingham.

(*With Portrait.*)

Alfred Bevan is a well-known public-house broker and proprietor, and well known in Birmingham and district. He owns several houses, which are patronised by sporting men and the theatrical profession. He is a shrewd man of business, and very seldom gets the wrong end of a bargain.

WILLIE WELCH.

A Birmingham Lad who is a Clever 1st 10lb Pugilist.

(*With Portrait.*)

Willie Welch, of Birmingham, though yet in his teens, is a clever boxer, and with careful training he should work his way to the front ranks. He has participated in numerous contests of a limited number of rounds, and can boast of proving successful in a majority of them.

J. JACK, OF LEITH.

A Scotch Sprinter who has Figured as a Handicap Winner.

(*With Portrait.*)

We are indebted to Thomas Webster, of Elm Row, Edinburgh, for the portrait of J. Jack, of Leith, one of the speediest sprinters in Scotland. He captured first prize in the £100 New Year's Handicap at Edinburgh of 1891, running off the 18yd. mark. His party won between £3,000 and £4,000 on the event. Besides securing prizes in smaller handicaps, he ran second to Gordon, of Edinburgh, in a £100 event.

HE WAS BORN TIRED.

A curious instance of the changed taste of the people in the matter of amusements is to be found in the Poplar Workhouse. A quarter of a century ago William F. Edwards, familiarly known in the institution as the "sleeping beauty" and the "fat man," would have made his fortune in a caravan, even allowing for the expenses of a numerous staff of prodders to keep him awake for an hour or so at a time; but now, alas! the public will not look at him, and it is his fate to be chivied about as a pauper. He is as broad as he is high, which allows him to sleep in any position. The great difficulty in the workhouse is to get him out of bed, and when this feat is accomplished it becomes a work of constant vigilance to keep him from falling asleep every minute—except at meal times. Then he works with an energy worthy of a trencherman of the old school. But all his ardour forsakes him the moment a bit of oakum is put into his hand. It acts as a narcotic. He is always a little livelier when he comes out of gaol, whither he has already been ten times for laziness, but that feeling soon wears off, and he speedily recommences the hibernating process at the expense of the long-suffering ratepayers. This time the Thames magistrate, to the dismay of the workhouse officials, determined to give him another chance, and allowed him to go back to his Castle of Indolence after administering a little lecture on the sin of slothfulness. Edwards winked as much of his eyes as was visible with great satisfaction, and shuffled off to finish in the workhouse the nap he had already commenced in the police-court. Will no travelling menagerie relieve the East-end ratepayers of a ponderous responsibility?

A SUCCESSFUL RIVAL HORSEWHIPPED.
The Manner in which a Jealous Woman Repays a Pretty Rival.

RAMPERS BAULKED.
How a Detective Put to Flight a Pair of Petty Thieves.

DECLINED TO BE INTIMIDATED.
The President of a Bankrupt Company Defies Personal Violence.

HE DESTROYED THE DOCUMENT.
A Solicitor who Created a Ludicrous Scene in the Streets.

A BOLD SCHEME FRUSTRATED.
A Woman in Charitable Disguise Attempts to Capture Golden Tresses.

THE LOST RING RECOVERED.
How a Wife Detected Her Husband's Infidelity.

THE large sum paid for None the Wiser at Newmarket last week, £7,200, recalls to our mind how few high-priced yearlings, with the exception of Busybody, for which the "Squire" paid 8,800 guineas, have ever realised expectation.

* * *

COLONEL NORTH does not appear to be a fortunate speculator. Penzance, £3,000, and Sheldrake, £2,500, produced as far as stake-money is concerned—nothing. Captain Machell, who accomplished one of the most notorious coups on the Turf, gave £3,000 for Fearnaught, and £2,600 for Hackbury, with no results; and so on with the following:—Lord Penrhyn, £2,500 for Sweet Elen; Alec Taylor, £2,100 for Cherry Ripe and Penitent, £3,050; Mr. Lea, the Unfortunate Squire, Hazledell, £2,300, and Harmony, £2,250; Mr. E. Baird and Mr. D. Baird are represented by Fortitude, £2,300, and Los Palmas, £2,000; Sea King, £2,850, Mr. C. Atherton.

* * *

Mr. W. LOWE appears to have been unfortunate with Gold Wing, £2,600, and Gay Minstrel, £2,500; a filly by Sterling, £3,000, Mr. Hamar Bass; Isolation, £3,000, Baron Hirsch.

* * *

MR. H. MCCALMONT has been offered, and has accepted, the presidency of the Sports Club, in succession to the late Sir John Astley, Bart. Major Marindin, C.M.G., has been elected chairman of committee in the place of Mr. N. L. Jackson, who has been appointed chairman of the board of management; Sir Augustus Hemming, K.C.M.G., is vice-chairman of committee, and Colonel Eyre, C.B., vice-chairman of the board. Colonel Schreiber will continue to discharge the duties of secretary. The club has acquired a long lease of its club-house in St. James's Square, together with the adjoining premises, which are now being altered to suit the requirements of the club.

* * *

A LARGE number of golf-players were out on Saturday, but the high wind and damp ground spoiled the scores. The principal results were: Royal Epping Forest Club's Foursome Competition, Messrs. E. A. Bewson and A. Kemp, 6 down; North Beds. Club's Competition, for the cup presented by the Marquis of Granby, M.P., Mr. L. C. Daniels, 93 less 10—88; Woodford Club's Quarterly Medals (Gold), Mr. S. Hellyer, 99 less 12—37; Silver (for handicaps over 12), Mr. F. P. Telfer, 109 less 14—95; West Middlesex Club's Silver Monthly Medal, Mr. J. R. Phillips, 93 less 15—78; Formby Club's Final Competition for Monthly Medal, Mr. M. Rolls, 90 net; Eltham Club's Monthly Competition (by strokes, under handicap), Mr. A. N. Joshua, 85 less 4—81; Disley Club's Second Winter Handicap, Mr. Garrett, 95 less 8—87; Wanstead Park Club's Quarterly Medal, Mr. R. L. Soper and Dr. Bell tied at 93 net; Neasden Club's Annual Golf Medal and Trophy, Mr. W. J. Ketley, 95 less 9—86; Rochester Club's Monthly Medal, Mr. G. Winch, 106 less 17—89; Worlington and Newmarket Club's Monthly Medal, Mr. M. Blake, 104 less 17—87; Brighton and Hove Club's De Worms Cup Competition, Mr. A. C. Woolley, 99 less 12—37. The last-named and Mr. Carr will have to play off for possession, both having won it twice. Mr. H. T. Ross, 105 less 8—97, won the club prize.

AMERICAN BOXING CHAMPIONS.

Prof. Mike Donovan and His Team of New York Athletic Club Boxers, who are Champion Amateurs.

(With Portraits.)

WE reproduce portraits of Prof. Mike Donovan, the famous middle-weight pugilist, and his team of amateur champions. It may be said to Donovan's credit that he is considered to be the most proficient instructor of sparring in the United States, and is retained at a large salary by the New York Athletic Club. It was Donovan who first discovered the merits of John L. Sullivan, and since then he has handled such men as Jake Kilrain, James J. Corbett, Peter Jackson, Frank Craig (the Coffee Cooler), and at present acts as adviser to Bob Fitzsimmons.

Of the team William Hart (feather-weight champion), George Nichols (special light-weight), S. Scoville (light-weight), Charles Gannini (middle-weight), and George Sweigler (heavy-weight champion) are in the front rank as amateur champions in the United States.

LILLIE LANGTRY.

The "Jersey Lily," who is on a Visit to the States.

(With Portrait.)

LILLIE LANGTRY is now on a visit to her stock ranch in the States, and it is not unlikely but that she will make a short theatrical tour as well. She was born in 1854, and is the daughter of the late Rev. W. C. Le Breton, Dean of Jersey. In 1874 she married Mr. Langtry, and after performing successfully upon the amateur stage, she made her début December 15, 1881, when she played the character of Miss Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer." After a tour of the provinces she visited the States, and was reported to have cleared £60,000 on the trip, appearing in all the large American cities. In 1889 she returned to England, and whilst performing at the St. James' Theatre she was patronised by Royalty.

The Jersey Lily has indeed experienced a most prosperous career upon the stage. She is fond of horse racing, and her ranch is well stocked with first-class blooded horses.

BAGGED THEIR GAME.

What Two Guardians Captured After Midnight.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE bold guardians of the night have occasionally their nerves and sight tested to a full capacity; such was the case in the suburban retreat not far from Hampstead. No. 1, on his lonely beat, detected a faint rattle of glasses as he was passing a small "pub," which fell back a few yards from the main road. After listening for some time, whispered voices fell on his official ears. Knowing that No. 2 would be on the spot in a few moments, he decided to watch and wait, and thus secure fame by handing over the presumed housebreakers to penal servitude, while he himself, with extra pay and stripe, would fatten in a land of plenty. These and other thoughts of a similar nature coursed through his brain in rapid succession, and as the sound of the approaching steps of No. 2 became distinctly audible his courage rose to the occasion. No. 2 was soon in possession of all the facts, and a short consultation of war having been held, No. 1 drew his staff and prepared for action, and, scaling the fence, the stealthy pair approached the window. No. 1 placed his ear close to the glass, while No. 2 gave one glance through the curtain, and in the darkness of the room observed the landlord regaling a few friends after hours. This was awful; burglary was a mild form of crime to this. Here two thirsty men of the law were being defied, but it should not last long. With dignity they drew themselves up to their full height, and loudly rapped on the door. One hour later, when they again met, the question was asked: "Have you sampled that gin yet?" "Rather!" said the other. "Have you?" "What do you think?" And their tail coat pockets gave evidence that "Old Tom" was in custody.

THIS IS ENGLISH!

THE same sort of feeling which years ago prompted John Bull to despise everything foreign, to swear by home produce, and to vote our neighbours frog-eating Frenchmen, is still rampant among the poorer classes of the metropolis. The inherited insular prejudices of the cockney are such that even our necessary and wholesome supplies of food from beyond the seas are passed over for the commodity, however inferior, labelled "This is English."

No class of tradesmen has taken advantage of these cockney prejudices more than the local butcher. "A bit of Yank" (American meat) possessing all the nutritive qualities essential in beef or mutton is thrown contemptuously aside by the household provider, and a higher price paid for the article of consumption labelled "This is English"—the sapless flesh of cows too old for milking purposes, or of ewes which have done lambing.

In the N.E. district of the metropolis resides a butcher who has made an enormous fortune by the sale of the carcases of animals of the above description, which are daily sold at the Metropolitan Cattle Market This man, who still cries "Buy! buy! buy!" and to whom a steel hanging in front of his apron is as indispensable as a soldier's sword, is supposed to be worth half a million of money, and to have freehold and leasehold property in the N.E. district worth several thousand pounds per annum. By constantly inducing others to believe this man eventually became a believer himself; and having backed a burly denizen of the neighbourhood in a pugilistic encounter, in which some hundreds of pounds were involved, he sent the meat from his shop to the training quarters of his protégé. The meat being soft, sapless and innutritive, the butcher's champion naturally did not thrive, and eventually lost the encounter and his backer's hundreds, owing to the quality of the meat so often ticketed "This is English."

HE REPRESENTED THE "NEW WOMAN."

A Masher Jeered at by Street Urchins.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IF the rising generation of the masculine gender are becoming effeminate the opposite sex have much to answer for by the indulgence with which they tolerate the presence of the masher. The quiet town of Bedford had a slight convulsion when it became known that the son of a prominent citizen, by his absurd behaviour, had brought this class of what we call our modern society into disrepute. A meeting was called to discuss the "New Woman" at the Y.M.C.A., when he became thoroughly overcome by the observations of the propounder of the doctrine. He not only fainted, but what little intellect remained in him was so upset that he failed to reply to his identity when questioned upon his recovery. A good-natured commissionaire attempted the feat of conducting the individual through the town, but the gamins of the gutter were highly amused when he assured them he belonged to Mrs. Chant, and was one of the prudes on the prowl, to which they replied in jeering terms, "'E don't know where 'e ar'." His friends have promised to watch and ward his youthful steps for the future, which we think quite necessary.

TOM SWEENEY AND JOHN CALLAN.

A Clever Team of Irish Knockabout Comedians.

(With Portraits.)

THE first show of the above was at the Bedford, where they were so successful that Mr. Hart, the proprietor, engaged them for a month. The Middlesex, and the Theatre of Varieties, Hammersmith, followed in due course, and after a short trip to the provinces these professionals returned to London and accepted engagements at Collins', Islington, and Crowden's, Greenwich. Since then "The Kilkenny Boys" have appeared at every hall of note, both in London and the provinces.

WILLIAM J. BAINE.

Actor and Reciter, now with "Our Veterans" Military Tableau.

(With Portrait.)

WILLIAM J. BAINE is well known amongst the theatrical profession. He made his first appearance in London at the Old Garrick Theatre, Whitechapel, as "Bob Brierley." The cast included the original Hawkshaw—viz., Horace Wigan—W. Mackintyre (Jim Dalton). Was at the Standard, Bishopsgate, and the Pavilion, Whitechapel, during the stock season. Was leading actor and stage manager at the Philharmonic (now Grand, Islington). He is now rendering an original poem with the grand military tableau "Our Veterans."

A GAY DECEIVER THRASHED.

Two of the Fair Sex Mete Out a Well-Deserved Lesson to a Masher.

(Subject of Illustration.)

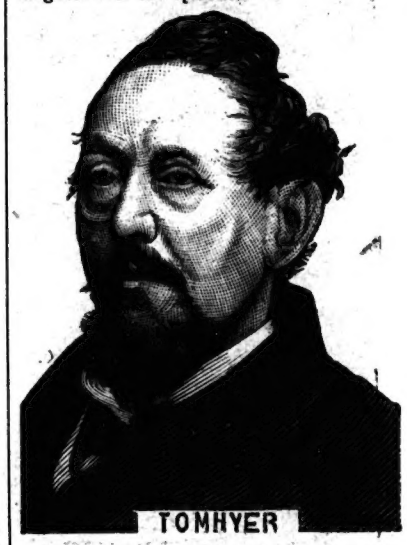
THURSDAY being the half-holiday to many of the young ladies who are engaged in the large business establishments in London, pedestrian exercise on a pleasant afternoon enables us to see the youth and beauty, who would otherwise be in the workroom or behind the counter, taking their stroll through the parks or public thoroughfares. Such being the case, it is only natural that the sterner biped should also be in evidence, and by amorous glances attract the attention of the fair and beautiful; sometimes success attends their efforts, sometimes not, for with haughty disdain they will sweep past with scarce a notice of the intriguing masher, but if successful he will offer the object of his admiration his company and a glass of wine. Some women are easily led, as the subsequent facts will show.

Early one afternoon a gentleman—or what appeared to be one—accosted a lady in Regent Street, and by his self-introduction essayed to take advantage of his fair companion, but in this he did not succeed, because, unfortunately, meeting the sister of his present partner, who was not slow to recognise in him a man of low moral nature, but also a past delinquency that she well remembered, it aroused her indignant temper, so that before her sister could utter a word the villain was struck to the ground, and it was with extreme difficulty that she could be persuaded to relinquish the battle, thoroughly convinced that her sister had sustained no wrong in the miscreant's company. We are pleased to note and admire the woman who can take up the cudgels in her own behalf, and trust that this individual, after the lesson, will in future confine his attentions to those who will accept them for a cash consideration.

"DID I understand you to say that Thompson was a farmer?"

"Good gracious, no! I said he made his money in wheat. You never heard of a farmer doing that, did you?"

A GOOD story is told about Tom Hyer, who was the champion heavy-weight of America fifty years ago. He was accustomed to spend a great deal of his time amongst the minstrel boys, and when in their company one day, Dan Bryant, a famous old-time burnt-cork artist, requested Hyer to attend the funeral of one of the profession. Tom was in a convivial state, and, looking up to Bryant, said: "Dan, old pal, if it was your funeral I would go with pleasure, but I don't know the joker who is dead." All present were convulsed in laughter over the episode.



Tom was a son of Jacob Hyer, who fought Tom Beasley in 1814. He was born on January 1, 1819, stood 6ft. 2½in. in height, and fought at 13st.

He participated in only two battles in the ring, and on each occasion he disposed of men of recognised merit, who were regarded as invincible at the time. His initial match was with Country McCloskey, near Caldwell's Landing, New York, September 9, 1841. Hyer inflicted some terrible punishment, and after a hundred rounds had been fought, in 2hr 55min, he had McCloskey knocked senseless.

Yankee Sullivan, one of the greatest ring fighters that ever lived, faced Hyer at Rock Point, Maryland, January 10, 1849, for a 20,000 dollar stake. Yankee managed to stay sixteen rounds, lasting 18min 17sec, when he succumbed, and so badly was he whipped that he was confined to the hospital for some time. Hyer tried to get on a fight with Bill Perry, the Tipton Slasher, but failed, and thereupon was placed in retirement.

Hyer figured in many rough-and-tumble fights in New York with success, and on June 26, 1864, he expired at the age of forty-five years of cardiac dropsy.

YOUNG LADY: "I must have some money to go off on a journey."

Father: "Eh? Where?"

"I don't know yet, but I must go somewhere at once."

"Good lands! What's happened?"

"The dressmaker misunderstood, and instead of a walking costume she has made a going-away gown."

* * *

CORONER: "And did the deceased leave no friends?"

All: "No. He was an old bachelor!"

* * *

MRS. WIBBLE: "I found my cook in the kitchen to-day crying because she had broken one of my choicest pitchers."

Mrs. Wabble: "Was she sorry?"

Mrs. Wibble: "Oh, yes. It fell on her foot."

* * *

"WHAT is Cholly doing for a living now?"

"Writing."

"I didn't know he was literary."

"He isn't. He writes home for remittances."

TURF NOTES.

WINDSOR DECEMBER STEEPLECHASE MEETING.

THURSDAY.

THE THAMES HURDLE RACE.

THE FOREST STEEPLECHASE.

FRIDAY.

THE CLEWER STEEPLECHASE.

FINALS.

THE exceptional weather has enabled everyone connected with sport to muster at their favourite meetings, and as no visitation on the part of King Frost has intervened, we may safely conclude that he will not put in an appearance this side of Christmas, so that those who anticipate a ourney to Windsor this afternoon will not be disappointed at finding the sport being carried on with good fields to contest each event ; and as Friday will close the racing for this week we may expect to see a good attendance, taking advantage of the last day's racing previous to the holidays. The first event on the card will be the Marlow Handicap Steeplechase, which promises to be more than it was on the last occasion, when only Funny Face and Loppy faced the starter. In glancing over the entries, Olga Kemprus, a recent winner, may hardly be good enough with a 7lb penalty to do the trick, and Choufleur's last two outings do not inspire confidence in that quarter, though he met the grandest chaser we have in training in Cloister at 2st; it is almost impossible to tell if he is good enough for the event under notice, because, on the same line of reasoning, Cloister could give 2st and a beating to almost anything. Consequently Swatton's representative must at least be reckoned to have an outside chance, and as this stable generally secures one or two events at the Windsor Meeting, the candidates from Alresford must not be allowed to run loose if sent to compete. Why Not and Oxton, both from the same quarter, figure in the entries; but if a choice be made it will fall in favour of the top weight, whose class is so far removed from such as Covert Side, Queen Light, and Coromandel II., for should the gelding be present the last-named trio may cry content. In making a final selection, Why Not and Choufleur should finish as placed ; only in the absence of the first-named would I depend on Swatton's candidate to fill the first position. A Maiden Hurdle Race should bring out a good field, and Galloping Dick, who was successful on Saturday in the Falmer Hurdle Race at Plumpton, puts up an extra 7lb, thus placing him on the same mark as Nepcote. There is no reason why he should not again be to the front, for he disposed of a fair muster when he beat his fourteen opponents last time, and if he has to succumb to a better one here it may be Rivalry, who I shall couple with him to supply the winner. Athlumney has before this scored over this course, and as the opposition is hardly first class he will be a safe investment if sent to do duty. Bangle, his stable companion, with 7lb more, and Cockleberry are going in good form at their training quarters, so that although in different interests the one selected will go very close, if not absolutely win, and this should be found to be the first-named, Athlumney. For the Thames Handicap Hurdle Race W. Nightingall has a trio to select from, and although Stigma has done useful service for her stable, Fontainebleau may be found at the post in preference to either of the others; Partisan should be also of the party, and will not start friendless, for he has only to repeat the form shown in the Border Hurdle Race to place this to his credit, when he was good enough to give his opponents 2st and a beating, which he accomplished in a canter by three lengths. Thus on form, even with 12st 7lb, he certainly reads dangerous. On Friday the principal event is the Clewer Handicap Steeplechase, and of the fifteen entered Apostate appears to hold a good chance to repeat his victory of twelve months ago. March Hare, who unexpectedly upset The Midshipmite in the Metropolitan Steeplechase, will have a very different burden than when he succeeded in flooring the odds on the last day of the Gatwick Meeting; therefore, Apostate, who has shown a preference for the course, should be again to the front at the fall of the flag. Albert Moore looks likely to secure the Rays Handicap Hurdle Race, and Athlumney, if successful on Thursday, may repeat the dose on Friday in the Valley Steeplechase, which will bring this favourite fixture to a fitting conclusion. The remaining selections should result as indicated:—

THURSDAY.

WINDSOR.

The Marlow Steeplechase,
Why Not.

A Maiden Hurdle Race,
Nepcote.

The Forest Steeplechase,
Pampero.

The Thames Hurdle Race,
Fontainebleau.

FRIDAY.

The Rays Hurdle Race,
Albert Moore.

A Maiden Hurdle Race,
Rheingold or Ribble.

The Clewer Steeplechase,
Apostate.

The Valley Steeplechase,
Lord Lieutenant.

CHALK.

CORRUPTION IN AMERICAN POLITICS.

How Investigation Committees Formerly Operated to Protect Dishonest Officials.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE Lexow investigation committee has proved a blessing to New York business men, and before they have done with exposing the various frauds, many officials of high standing will find themselves placed in rather a compromising position. There have been many committees appointed to investigate charges against politicians in the States, but the Lexow is the only one ever organised that it was impossible to corrupt.

A few years back, when a committee was selected, they would create any amount of talk as to the manner in which they would purify politics. While moralising, the same individuals would be receiving "Boodle" to cover any discrepancy. Those who prepared reports and speeches were also taken care of, and while some would decline money direct, it would eventually reach them through their wives. The meeting of the committee usually meant a glorious drunk, and when all hands would wind up the night, their report would go to show that "no evidence of the corrupt use of money had been found."

Lexow and co-workers are exploding all the theories of corrupt politicians, and unless all signs fail, within a year all holding public positions in New York City will find themselves compelled to reject bribes and maintain a purified state of affairs.

A BOLD SCHEME FRUSTRATED.

A Woman in Charitable Disguise Attempts to Capture Golden Tresses.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A TALE, if true, but fortunately uncommon in these days, is reported from St. John's Wood. It is well known that large sums have been paid for the golden locks of those who have been bountifully supplied by nature with luxurious tresses. The story goes that, having obtained admittance to the presence of a fashionable beauty, under the pretence of soliciting alms for a charitable purpose, an attempt was made to deprive her of her superb adornment, for which she was particularly noted, both for its texture and length. Whether for gain, or to deprive her of the charm of beauty through jealousy, has not transpired, but a just punishment will no doubt be meted out to the miscreant who attempted so dastardly a trick. It was fortunately frustrated by the arrival of the maid, who found a sponge satufated with laudanum, and a pair of scissors, which would no doubt have been used had she not been discovered.

RULES OF THE HOUSE PERFORATED.

A Section Where the Landlord Don't Boss the Show.

(Subject of Illustration.)

RULES posted in a conspicuous portion of any hotel in the United Kingdom generally go with the public, and guests try to comply with them, but a hotel keeper in Denver, Colorado, has learned by experience that the good people of that section object to being dictated to. He posted rules of the house on the wall back of the cashier's desk, and before they had been up long enough to accumulate any dust a cowboy entered and amused himself by perforating them with bullets. After he had taken his departure the landlord wisely hauled down his sign, and instead he has put up a motto, "Welcome to all."

HE WON HIS WAGER.

Strange Freak of a Young Man who Escaped Arrest.

(Subject of Illustration.)

WHAT some men will do for the sake of notoriety, or for a money wager, would upset the faculties of the everyday man. Some sports, knowing the daring of one of their number, laid a wager that he would not ride on an old bone-shaker forty miles with only two articles of clothing upon him. The bet was accepted, and on Wednesday last, as the clock chimed the hour of one, when all good and virtuous citizens had retired, a small knot of spirits assembled within a few yards of Finsbury Park gates to start the adventurer upon his journey, attired in a white nightshirt and hat. Off! and in the darkness of the night away sped the rider to the town of Ware. Strange to say, nothing impeded the underclothed gentleman, but a few stray dogs in the town of Edmonton saluted his bare legs with yelps and snaps, and the white figure not only returned in safety with a few minutes to spare, but immediately offered to perform the feat in the daylight, so there is some probability of another Johnny Gilpin to be seen upon this road.

A SUCCESSFUL RIVAL HORSE-WHIPPED.

The Manner in which a Jealous Woman Repays a Pretty Rival.

(Subject of Illustration.)

SHOP girls possess a jealous disposition as a rule, and when one is deprived of the affections of her admirer she leaves no stone unturned to set matters right or obtain satisfaction. That accounts for the fact that a handsome young woman residing in the East-end was unmercifully horse-whipped recently by a rival, who by her actions has created the utmost contempt on the part of the man in dispute, and lost all chance of ever enlisting his attentions in her behalf.

JAMES FLEMING CARROLL.

A Man who Became Famous Through Training Bob Fitzsimmons.

(With Portrait.)

JAMES FLEMING CARROLL formerly came from England, and was a soldier in the army, but not relishing such a life he deserted and took up his residence in the States. He blossomed forth as a light-weight pugilist, and won several purse fights in various parts of America. When Fitzsimmons reached California Carroll took him in hand, and acted as a trainer in several of Bob's principal engagements. They disagreed, and the result was that they parted company, Fitz to continue on a successful career and Carroll to instruct boxing and engage in a contest occasionally. Carroll is at present located in New Mexico, where he conducts an athletic club.

RAMPERS BAULKED.

How a Detective Put to Flight a Pair of Petty Thieves.

(Subject of Illustration.)

DURING race season the public feel reasonably safe from the "heads" and "rampers," because that element prey upon the innocents who attend the various racecourses. The past summer has been a disastrous one; consequently the dangerous element have become fairly desperate to pillage any or everybody in sight. A detective frustrated a pair of "rampers" the other day, who were about to make a descent upon a pawnbroker's shop. Though he didn't capture the culprits, he succeeded in putting them to flight, much to the relief of the woman who stood behind the counter.

HE DISPERSED THE MASQUERADERS.

A Cowboy Raises Mischief amongst Merry-makers.

(Subject of Illustration.)

WE seldom hear of a cowboy striking the domains of Canada, but according to a correspondent one turned up at a masquerade ball at Ottawa the other night, and in order to play a few pranks he produced two revolvers and discharged them promiscuously in the air. The masqueraders rushed pell mell out of the hall, leaving the cowboy in full charge of all he could survey.

FIRST GIRL: "Cholly says he read an article that set him to thinking."

Second Girl: "That boy never could tell the truth."

* * *

"I say, Smith, where's your wife?"

"I don't choose to tell you, sir. You are in no condition to speak to a lady."

"Oh! Thashalright. I only wanted t' avoid her."

THE LOST RING RECOVERED.

How a Wife Detected Her Husband's Infidelity.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE last good-bye had been said, when the shrill whistle of the guard started the train from Euston terminus for our journey through the Midlands. The occupants had selected their corners for a comfortable trip to visit their friends during the forthcoming holidays—seven of us, of which there were three ladies, whose attire betokened them above the ordinary traveller An old gentleman in the right-hand corner, after adjusting his glasses, became deeply absorbed in the pages of one of those cheap editions which are found on the railway bookstalls. A young lady and gentleman on the opposite seat began an amorous conversation in stage whispers to their own edification, and the young lady, on removing her glove, displayed a ring of remarkable beauty, to the evident surprise of her fellow passengers ; its sparkling light was such that it appeared to fascinate the lady in the check ulster, who, after gazing some time with anything but admiration, rose and quickly seized the hand of the wearer of the jewel, at the same time exclaiming, "Where did you get this?" "Where!" exclaimed the fair passenger, as she was almost dragged off the seat by her irate interlocutor. It was lent to her by a gentleman friend, whom she proceeded to describe. This in no way served to appease the first speaker, who forthwith threatened to call the guard at the first station at which the train should stop. This she eventually did ; but the sequel of the story will no doubt be told in the Divorce Court, for, from the description given of the donor, the wife has little doubt her husband had abstracted it from home to present it to her rival.

HE RULED THE ROOST.

A Stranger who Subdued a Gang of Roughs.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A STRANGER strolled into a free-and-easy public-house the other night, and when the crowd of hangers-on commenced to bustle him about, without a word of warning the stranger flopped down the proprietor, upon whose stomach he stood, and, striking a pugilistic attitude, he dared anyone present to approach within striking distance. The mob remained back, and aside from making use of a considerable amount of abusive language, they made no move to molest the stranger, who departed from the place in peace.

DECLINED TO BE INTIMIDATED.

The President of a Bankrupt Company Defies Personal Violence.

(Subject of Illustration.)

UNFORTUNATE people who lose all their hard earnings through a failure of a large company invariably besiege the offices of the institution and show their feelings by beating the cashier.

After a recent failure stockholders captured the cashier, and, backing him up against the doors, they threatened him with all manner of violence, one of the unfortunates pointing a revolver close to his nose. It was due to the cashier's self-possession that he made good his escape without receiving bodily injury.

HE DESTROYED THE DOCUMENT.

A Solicitor who Created a Ludicrous Scene in the Streets.

(Subject of Illustration.)

AFTER a trial in the court the other day, a solicitor became so vexed over a verdict given that he collected together a party from the opposing side, and, taking them out into the street, he produced the document given him, and, lighting a match, he ignited the parchment, at the same time remarking that he only wished to show how little he thought of the paper he possessed.

"GREAT reforms are seldom accomplished without bloodshed," was the consoling thought of the man who decided to do his own shaving.

* * *

"WELL, you are the first man I ever heard accuse Timmins of being full of energy."

"But he must be. He has been storing it up for years."

* * *

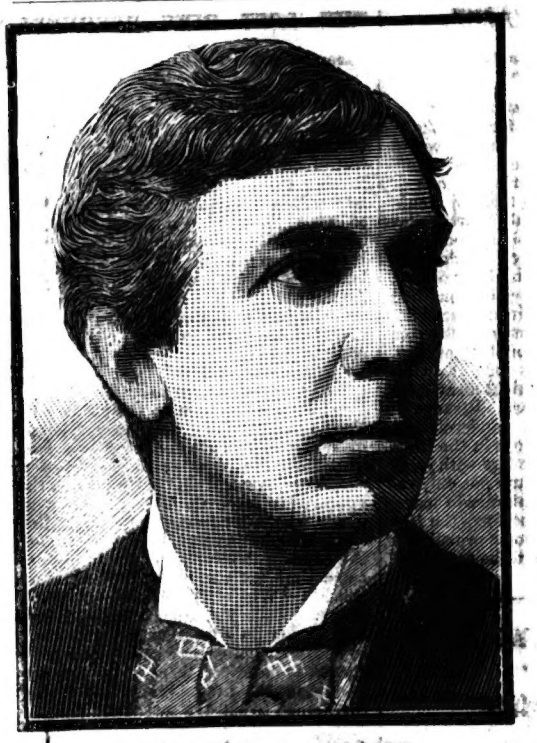
MINNIE: "What do you understand by the term platonic affection?"

Mamie: "It usually means that the young man feels that he cannot afford to marry."

* * *

FIRST PHYSICIAN: "Is this a case that demands a consultation?"

Second Physician: "I think it is. The patient is extremely rich."



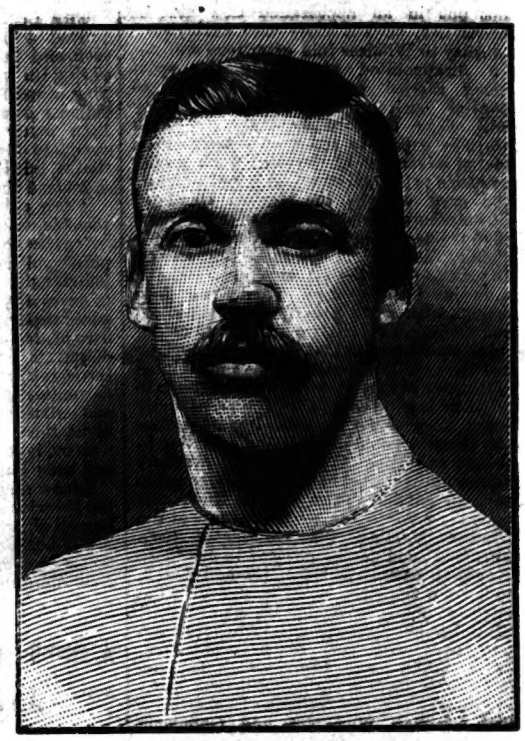
WILLIAM J. BAINE.
Actor and Reciter, Now With "Our Veterans" Military Tableau.

LILLIE LANGTRY.
The "Jersey Lily," who is On a Visit to the States.

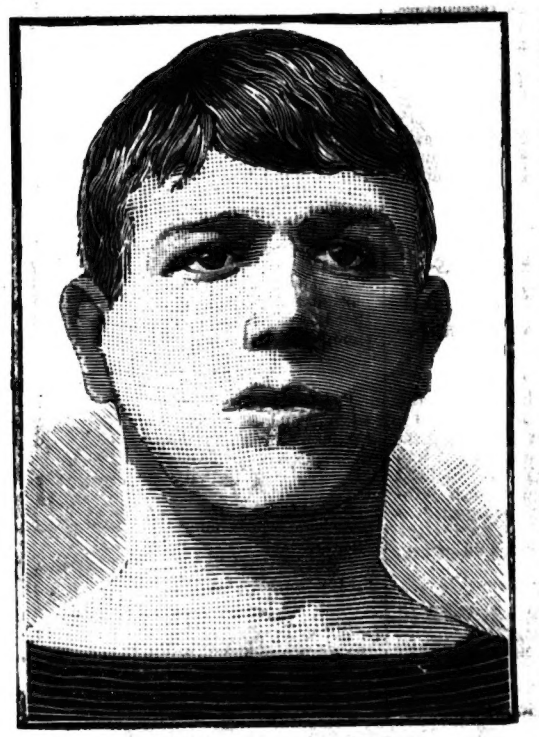
ALFRED BEVAN.
Proprietor of Several Sporting and Theatrical Drams in Birmingham.

TOM SWEENEY.
A Clever Team of Irish Knockabout Comedians.

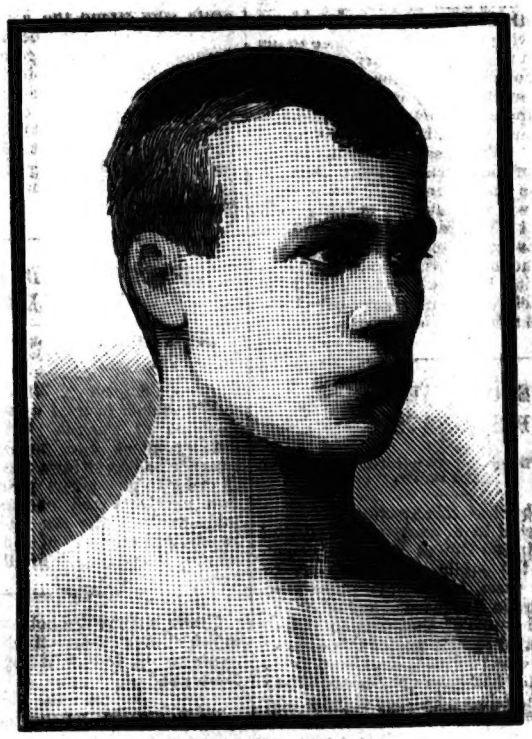
JOHN CALLAN.



MATT JOHNSON.
A Manchester Sport who Has Won Two Sheffield Handicaps.

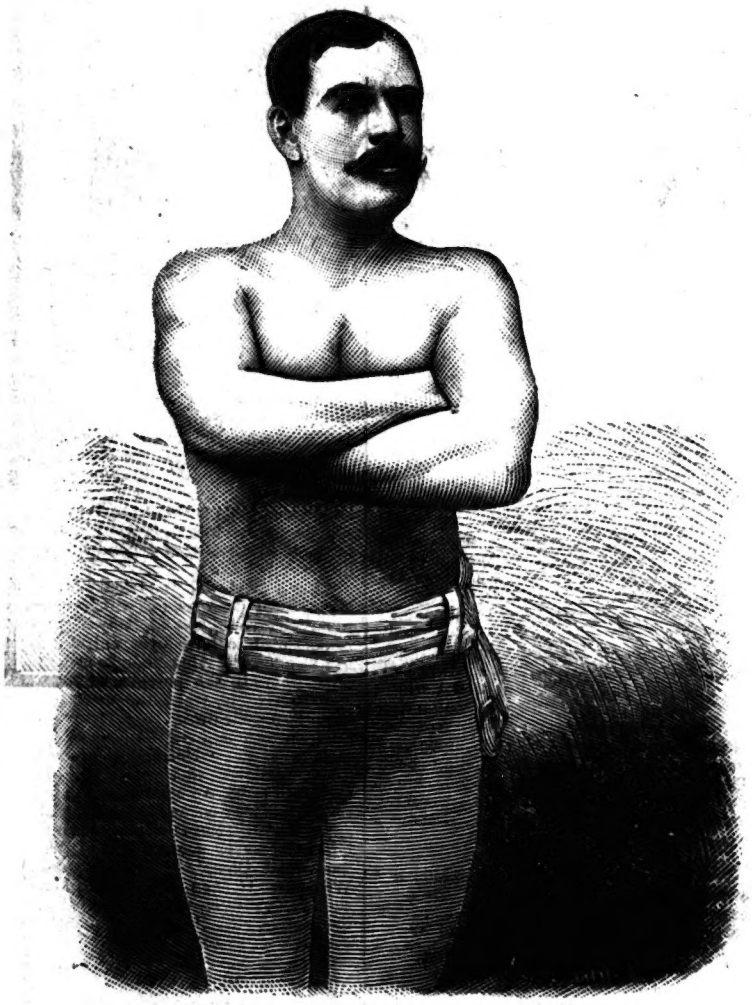


"JEWEY" COOKE.
A Bloomsbury Boxer who Contemplates a Trip to America.

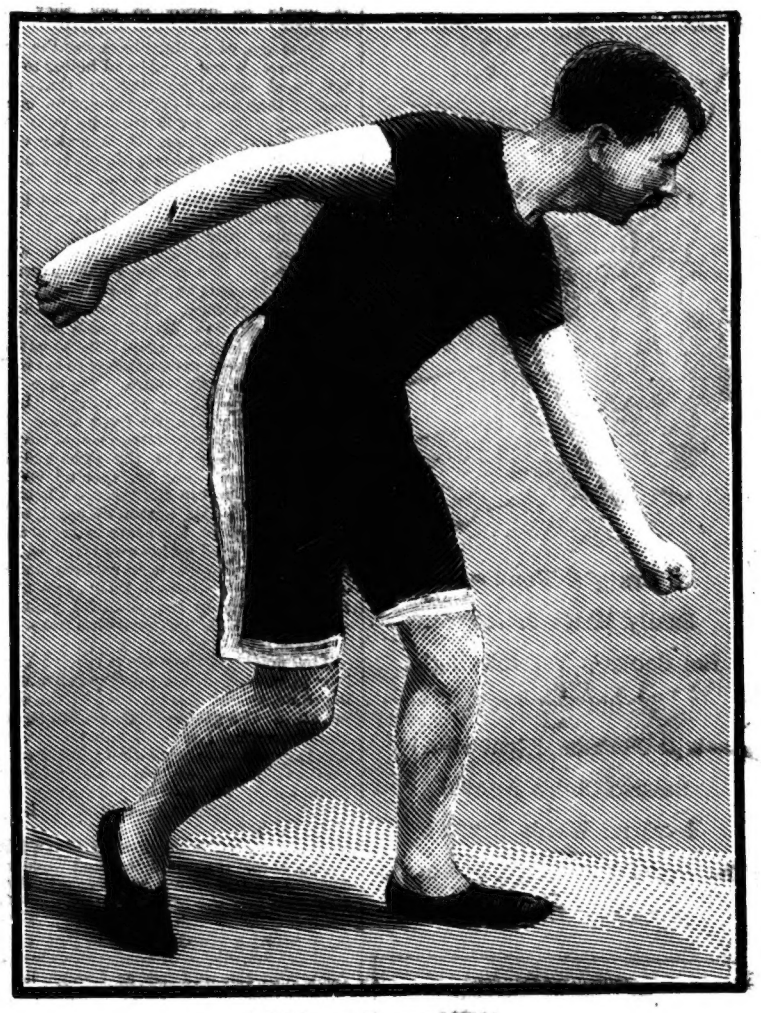


BILL NELSON.
A Paddington Pugilist who Challenges England at 6st 6lb.

WILLIE WELCH.
A Birmingham Lad who is a Clever 7st 10lb Pugilist.

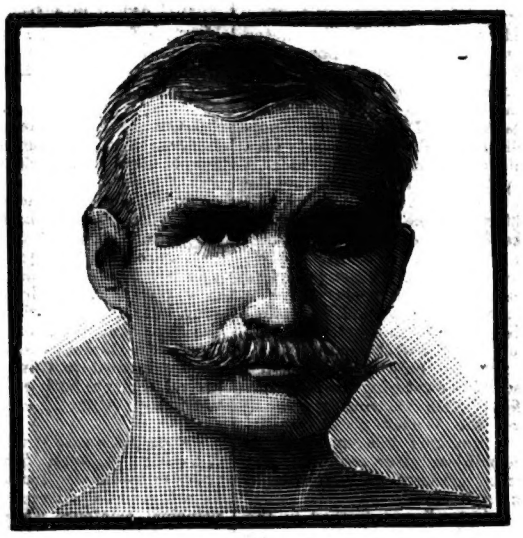


JAMES FLEMING CARROLL.
A Man who Became Famous Through Training Bob Fitzsimmons.



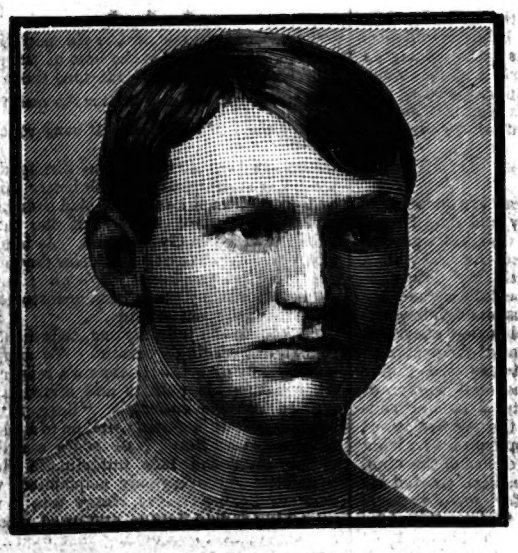
J. JACK, OF LEITH.
A Scotch Sprinter who has Figured as a Handicap Winner.

S. SCOVILLE (Light-Weight).



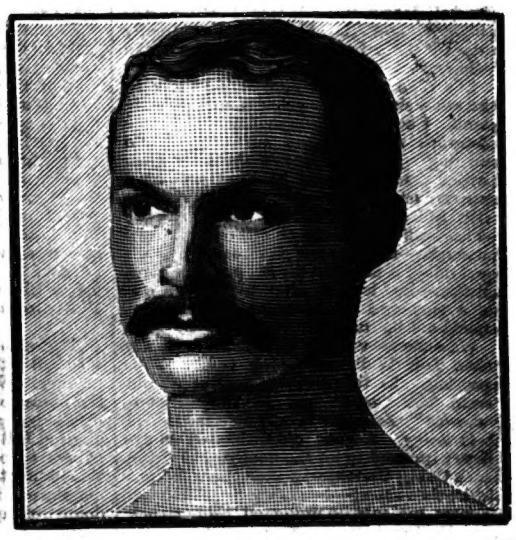
PROFESSOR MIKE DONOVAN.

CHAS. GIANNINI (Middle-Weight).



GEO. SWEIGLER (Heavy-Weight).

WILLIAM HART (Feather-Weight).



GEO. NICHOLS (Special Light-Weight).

PROF. MIKE DONOVAN and his Team of New York Athletic Club Boxers, who are Champion Amateurs.

Craig a Wonder.

Easily Beats Pritchard.

The Cooler's Terrible Right.

It Did the Trick.

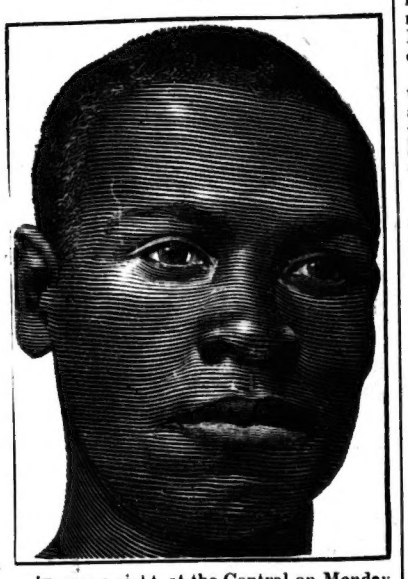
Will Jackson Fight Him?

Belsize Club's Annual

Lavigne Whips Bowen.

The Fight Ends Fatal to Bowen.

Gossip of the Fancy.



It was a sight at the Central on Monday night—a night set down for the meeting between Pritchard and the "Coffee Cooler"—to observe the gods. We don't think ever in the annals of boxing such a number of the poor and lowly ever crowded into the same amount of space, and paid half-a-crown for the privilege of doing so.

"Where did such people get the money?" was the exclamation on every side. They must have begged, borrowed, pawned for, or stolen it; for with few exceptions the gallery appeared to be full of mendicants and the poorest. Goodness knows where the half-crown was obtained; but it was obtained, and the big crowd patiently awaited the advent of Pritchard and the "Cooler."

The repose of the Vere de Vere marked the refereeing in the prior bouts to the big event. Chesterfield's equanimity was only disturbed when coppers were thrown into the ring. We have known the time when boxers almost as good as Bill Goode have rather relished a shower of that material, but with Bill this is different. In a manner which would have done credit to his famous namesake—not, as some who read the sobriquet think, celebrated for his pugilistic proclivities—he desired, after picking up one as a memento of the event, that coppers should not be thrown.

We remember being at Bill Richardson's when Toff Wall and Ching Ghook were sparring. In this plebeian quarter of the world the "nuts" are so thick that a "shower" of coppers is only esteemed when it is heavy. A good old-fashioned penny-piece happened to hit the woolly head of the black Ching Ghook, who even then did not desire that the spectators should not throw coppers, but said he preferred being struck by half-a-crown rather than a penny.

We do not know why it is, but it is so, that newspaper men are so anxious to enlist prominent boxers in their service either as referees or timekeepers. We do not think it is lack of courage, because newspaper men possess that in a remarkable degree. It would be unfair to say they want minders.

Years ago, when the *Times* was the great Thunderer, it was considered better to hold the most menial position on that great journal than a good appointment on one of the smaller fry. So it must be with some papers which represent the sporting world. The veriest liner on these papers is a person of importance—so much so that we observed five representatives of one newspaper, four representatives of another, and three of another, who quite filled up the press table, and left no room for the outside world.

We should like to know how it was that well-known heads found their way into the reserved enclosure. Men whose stock in trade was on their backs, and whose brass only existed in their faces, were to be found in the five-pound seats offering to bet in tens and twenties on Pritchard. We also know from our experience at Astley's Theatre what an *émeute* might have taken place rather than these *sportsmen* would have lost their money had not the fight ended in such a summary and unexpected manner. It was funny to see Sir George Chetwynd, once the foremost patron of sport, sitting below the salt in the seats in front of the stage surrounded by his swell friends, while bruisers out of work, head robbers, and tea-kettle purgers elbowed their way to the front by bullying the youthful janitor, or going through the barrier with a push.

* * *

THE public, as they might receive a small item in the bill of fare prior to relishing the big event of the evening, viewed the efforts of Dave Gough and G. Winters, and of two youths, Langford and Gorrie, with some amount of appreciation; but there is a comical side to every picture, and this was furnished by the boxing endeavours of G. Wood, of Bethnal Green, and J. Lee, of Knightsbridge.

"He laughs at scars who never felt a wound!" and the public laughed when they saw the comical efforts of these men end in Lee distilling the ruby in streams. As a painter watches with admiration the portrait he is painting Wood, (who had just a rudimentary knowledge of boxing) watched poor Lee's ruby-coloured face as though he had done something long to be remembered.

The more these men postured and clowned the more Wood looked at his painting Lee, and the more the blood flowed the more the public laughed, and they were in a state of high good humour when the stage was cleared for the big event of the evening.

* * *

WE never remember so great a disinclination exhibited to serve the office of referee or timekeeper. Trouble must have been apprehended from certain quarters, or men usually very anxious to secure the advertisement office usually gives would have been most desirous to serve. Every prominent person in the hall was asked, only to be met with a polite refusal, until at last "little" Calder, a well-known publican, was pressed into the service as referee, while after more persuasion Mr. Elkan Simons, of Birmingham, agreed to take the post of "timekeeper."

There was an innovation at the Central Hall, if not in this match, of a gong which is more efficacious than the voice when the public are more than ordinarily enthusiastic. This gong had to be struck at the commencement or close of the rounds.

This was not the only innovation—the other was the referee entering the ring with the men. Now, when the ring is a small one, we think the proper place for this functionary is outside; but speaking to Calder on the subject after the fight, that little gentleman informed us that this is an American innovation.

About ten o'clock all was hushed in the big body of spectators as the men came up the gangway of the hall, preparatory to entering the ring. The Coffee Cooler was the first to show, and he was received with ringing cheers. Next came Ted Pritchard, who received an ovation even louder than that awarded to the Cooler.

As the Coffee Cooler sat in his corner unconcernedly chewing gum he looked as ugly a customer as it is possible to conceive for a man of his weight (11st 4lb) to tackle. His skin glistened like black satin, and there did not appear to be an ounce of superfluous flesh on his body.

By contrast Pritchard looked as white as a piece of note-paper. Pritchard is a lad who rarely develops "side." His loud-voiced and brassy partisans may do so, but Ted rarely ever. And as he sat in his corner, although looking the picture of confidence, he looked as if he had a task set before him which would require all Ted's ability to carry through.

* * *

IT is a long time since we saw Charley Mitchell act in a more gentlemanly or quiet manner. When Frank Hinde announced the names of the corner men he modestly disclaimed any desire to be advertised, and allowed Bill Goode, Bob Kirby, and Charley Ellison to be advertised on the Pritchard side, while the M.C., in his usual florid style, announced Bill Miles and Tom Denny as doing duty on the other.

All preliminaries having been satisfactorily arranged, the gong sounded and the men advanced into the centre of the ring. Then was seen the dissimilarity in the styles. The white man, who had been accustomed to the sparring booth and the meeting of all comers, had the good old fashioned English style which we always associate with boxing. The "Cooler," however, seemed to set our old-fashioned notions at defiance, and advanced with the motion rather of a panther springing on his prey than the position usually associated with the bold British boxer.

* * *

WE suppose this was one of the shortest fights on record, and for the largest amount; that is, if we take the gate of the Central Hall into consideration. Before the spectators were aware that a blow had been struck, Pritchard was seen flying to the ropes as though he had been a projectile from a gun; and before he could recover, the Cooler, with a panther-like spring, was upon him, and with one decisive blow on the jaw settled the fight.

The public, when they saw the white man, on whom big odds had been betted, on the ground unable to rise, were speechless with amazement. Here was their champion, the man who had defeated their once idol Jem Smith, defeated by the despised black in such a time and in such a manner as left no doubt of the issue.

Bang went the gong, and still Pritchard on the ground unable to rise. Gallantly "little" Calder walked into the centre of the ring and announced what was patent to all beholders, that the Coffee Cooler was the winner.

After this the Cooler was "a man and a brudder" with everybody. Everybody wished to embrace him, and even those who had bet 2 to 1 against his chance previously of course said they thought he would win.

It was only by wrapping the conquering hero in a blanket to preserve him from his too enthusiastic friends that his supporters were able to get him into his dressing-room. The king is dead! Long live the king! Pritchard is deposed. The Cooler reigns in his stead. Such is the difference between winning and losing.

* * *

AS we have said before, champions are ever modest, and Ted Pritchard, whom we have known during the whole course of his career, was the most unassuming lad of our acquaintance. Although sorry to a certain extent for the defeat of Ted, we are glad in one sense, because it means the downfall of those loud-voiced, brassy, and frowsy gentry who have made capital out of this poor champion by advertising themselves at his expense.

Like the loafers and adventurers they are, they only stand a man when he can do them good in the sunshine of his prosperity. When Ted Pritchard visited THE MIRROR OF LIFE the morning after his defeat he put us in mind of "The Last Rose of Summer"—all his *lovely* companions had faded and gone.

* * *

LAST week one of the most select clubs in London, the Belsize Boxing Club, held their annual display. On this occasion the sisters and the cousins, and the uncles and the aunts of the boxers assemble to watch their efforts, and the combination round the ring side is such as is seen on no other occasion. It is one of the fête days in St. John's Wood. The inhabitants of this fashionable parish only read about their boxing during the year, but on this especial evening they give the Eyre Arms the benefit of their presence, and at the station close by a youth selling papers seemed to think that every fresh arrival was on boxing bent, and shouted, "This way for the Eyre Arms."

* * *

IT was not a case of who was there; it was who was not there. Those who were not there in the boxing world were not worth knowing. The principal scrappers and the principal amateurs were to be seen drinking at the bars. Tom Gill, Bertie Hamilton, Jack Harper, Jem Smith, Bob Habbijam and Co. were in the immediate vicinity of the "guv'nor."

Lord Arthur Wellesley and the Hon. W. S. Cavendish would naturally be at the club if only to witness the manœuvres of the squads of Guards, but the seconds, Jem Goode and Pat Condon, being in evidence, showed the "National" party had mustered strong. Arthur Cockburn, looking much the worse for the late cutlass mêlée, was present, so was old Jack Percival, and so were many more once lights of the pugilistic world.

* * *

WHEN pro. meets amateur the encounters are sure to be noteworthy, and Jem Brock, the instructor to the club, who is fast getting towards the forties, opened the ball with a very creditable spar with Mr. Dickson; several others delighted spectators who came to be pleased, and after just enough bayonet exercise and not too much, came what was intended to be the big event of the evening.

This was the bout between the Coffee Cooler and L. Barnard, the dual winner of the Orion middle-weights, a foeman considered worthy to meet the gentleman of colour. The Cooler came up from his training quarters at Eltham at the desire of the club. It shows how lightly his backers treated his match with Pritchard, for some persons would consider it unwise to take the risks attendant on the most friendly bout of sparring prior to a big match.

Especially as Mr. Barnard, who had requested the Coffee Cooler, prior to their meeting, not to make matters too heavy, tried all he knew, and when receiving a reminder from the "Cooler" to behave himself, became terribly nettled, and went hammer and tongs for his agile opponent. It would, perhaps, have fared hard with the "Cooler" the way he was handicapped had he not been so clever. To dodge the well-meant blows of the amateur without desiring to hurt him required a lot of self-control. Even as it was, the "Cooler's" forebearance was pushed to the uttermost limits when opposed to a young strong fellow of about 12st like Mr. Barnard, and we fancied we saw a discolouration of the skin of his right eye when the referee ordered a cessation of hostilities. However, as the men received an immense ovation when they retired from the ring.

* * *

THE pros. did not have it all their own way when Harry Spurdon (the 9st professional champion) met Mr. Gunn, and Ted Mortimer met Mr. Davidson. In this latter case it was particularly noticeable. Davidson is essentially a "ruffian" fighter, and when Mortimer played the same game the result was soon seen. When the fur began to fly, and Mortimer retired to his corner, Jem Goode, his second, had to use the sponge, and the bright, bright red was visible in the bowl when that second had sponged his principal down.

After a display of "physical" drill, Indian clubs, &c., a performance which caused gaps to be seen among the big body of spectators, who seemed to have eyes only for boxing, Pat Condon and Alec Roberts met a couple of amateurs in the persons of Mr. Cousins and Mr. Hollis, when the amateurs again quite held their own.

There were a great number of the supporters of the "National" present when Tom Williams met Mr. W. Campbell. Campbell (who, we believe, works in Price's candle factory), to our thinking, made quite an exhibition of the Australian champion. His left hand never seemed out of Williams's face; and Campbell entirely outclassed Williams. If, then, Mr. Campbell can make such an exhibition with Williams, how about the match with Burge? Of course, there would be no matches made if every person was of the same opinion, but from what we have seen of Burge, Williams could never touch him.

* * *

OLD-TIME amateur champions past and present in the persons of the two Kings (Horace and William), Joe Steers, Ted White, and Alf Bowman, rapidly succeeded each other. Joe Steers met Alf Bowman, Ted White Bill King, and Horace King met his old opponent Jerry Driscoll, and thus concluded one of the boxing events of the year.

* * *

There was one thing noticeable at Mr. Fleming's benefit at the "National" which pressure on our space causes us to curtail, and that was Mr. Angle's spar with Coddy Meddings.

Both Coddy and Jack Angle are getting on in years, but Jack does his best even now to show there is still life in the old dog yet, It is some six years or so ago since Coddy had a benefit at the Oriental Club, Blackfriars, and then, as now, Coddy and Jack sparred three bustling rounds.

John at the conclusion of the bout was very much blown, and we suggested that perhaps Coddy had put it on a bit too heavy. "Oh no," said Mr. B. J., "not at all. I told—in fact, I always tell Coddy to try all he knows."

There had been a long-standing grievance between two Wood Green lads, Steve Smith and Arthur Callan, and they fought as only lads who think they have a grievance will, the verdict eventually going to Callan.

With the cream of the professional and amateur brigade present, no wonder, then, that Mr. Fleming's night was a night long to be remembered. We hope it was as successful financially as it was in all other respects.

* * *

THE competitions at the German Gymnasium exist only from the halo of the past, like the vase which has contained the rose.

You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Of course the hundreds who thronged the place were unacquainted with better things, or they would not have gone mad over bouts which were more worthy of the gutter than the German Gymnasium. As is usual when officials have one red letter day in the year, they let you know who's who; but as we have for many years been accustomed to this we let the matter slide.

Of course the judging was, as is usual at this hall, exceedingly erratic. We suppose we can only give the Irishman's reason for not mending his palings and allowing the pig to eat his cabbages, "Sure, it was always so." It is getting well on to a decade since we saw "Bob" Hair score a maiden victory over the late unfortunate Harry Windett. As everybody acquainted with amateur boxing knows, Harry was a very punishing ruffian fighter, and owed most of his successes to punching his opponents out.

On this occasion Bob Hair won handsomely, and when another round was ordered a howl went up from the immense multitude. This howl became a British

roar when the final eventually went to the late Harry Windett. Bob Hair was a comparatively unknown man then, and Harry was the popular favourite. However, Bob Hair in spite of prejudice eventually became the amateur's pride.

By the by, we heard the other evening at the Belsize that Bob Hair's brother, who won once light-weight championship, was now in South Africa

Digging sparkling diamonds all the season round,
Down in a dark mine underneath the ground.

Should Slavin go to South Africa, and young Hair, who stands quite six feet, be willing to meet him, we tell Slavin to beware, for when the youngster was here he was good goods, but now he must be first-class material.

* * *

It was at the German Gymnasium that Jack Burke won his amateur championship, and it was shortly after that the Lambeth lad turned pro., and fought Charley Mitchell at Ascot. Both the principals are now alive, and have become great travellers; but where, oh, where are the seconds and backers of the men in those days? Echo answers, where?

The year 1888 was an eventful one for the German Gymnasium; it unearthed one of the most unassuming light-weights in the person of Callard. The latter, Maurice Enright, and Bowman, who appeared at the German Gymnasium in the above year, became pros., and good ones too.

It was in the year of even numbers, '88, that the late Pendragon was requested by the sec., Mr. R. Young, to give away the prizes. He made a short and pithy speech to the effect that he had boxed in the old rooms in the Gray's Inn Road twenty-six years ago, and he hoped that the boxers to whom he delivered the prizes might, like him, after over a quarter of a century, be in the same position as he (Pendragon), and deliver prizes to future contestants.

Poor old Pen.! Could you have returned from the shades and have witnessed the boxing of these aspirants to fame on Thursday evening last, acquainted as you were with so much better things, you would have returned to Shadowland disgusted with the actors and disgusted with the new era.

As we care not to consider contests in embryo, we will discuss the whole matter when in our next we review the second part of the programme.

* * *

We were thinking the other day of taking a boxer out of work, who usually makes our editorial sanctum his home, into the service of the firm, so that he might earn his "belly timber." The speculation is rather a doubtful one, as we once had cause to remember.

It is some years ago now that we remember an ex-ped. and boxer (still before the public), who was taken into the service of a well-known sporting butcher in Kentish Town. "You know," said the butcher to us, "he can get up early and go to market with me, and what with carrying a quarter of beef or two, that will be fine training." It was training certainly that the boxer did not give his mind to, for at the week's end he told our old friend the job would not suit. "What's the matter?" "Well, guv'nor, I can't complain of the grub, and I can't complain of the money, but I ain't used to hard graft."

* * *

Some years ago we were subpœnaed on behalf of the London General Omnibus Company in the case of a cab collision. The cabman lost the day through his extra cleverness. This did not occur to cabby, the only reason he could give for his defeat was the —— well got up witnesses.

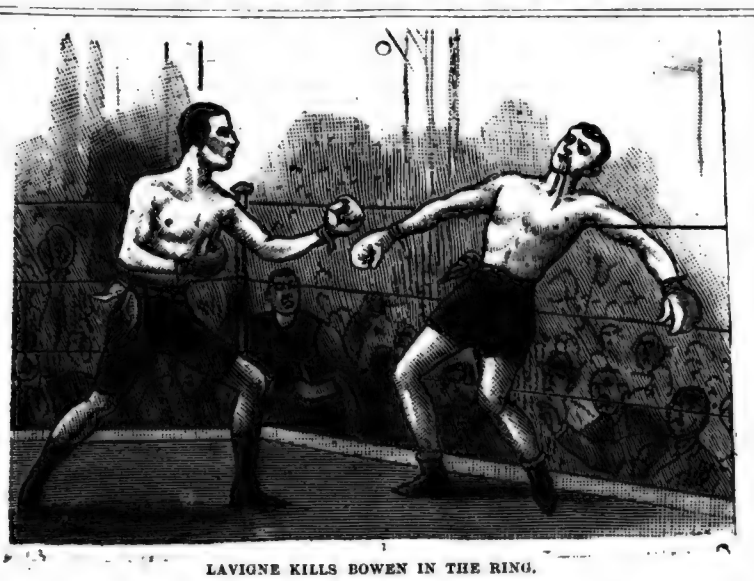
Now, in the case of the inquest on the poor lad, George Smith, who is supposed to have died from too much "Central Hall," the independent witnesses called could not, in the language of cabby, be described as —— well got up.

When a cat's-meat "purveyor," a dealer in greens, and a meat porter are brought forward to testify, the "get-up" cannot be extensive: but when one of the witnesses describes himself as a sportsman and a journalist we are a bit mixed.

Is this gentleman a sportsman first and a journalist afterwards? If so, his sportsman proclivities must be very much like those of Mr. Winkle. We remember, some years ago, when the Smith-Knifton match was to be fought in the wilds of Surrey, this gentleman, to whom prizefighting was then something new in the way of sport, dressed himself in the manner beloved by Mr. Winkle, as though he were not bound to see a fight, but only out to shoot a few partridges—or something else However, we don't think witnesses "well got up" or otherwise will have much to do with the result of what poor George Smith would have termed his "inkwich." It is the medical man's evidence which has usually the greatest weight with the jury. However, we cannot comment on an affair which is *sub judice*, but must wait the result of the adjournment on January 4.

* * *

According to a cablegram a sensational prize-fight took place at the Auditorium Club in New Orleans, U.S.A., December 14, which resulted in one of the combatants receiving injuries of such a serious character

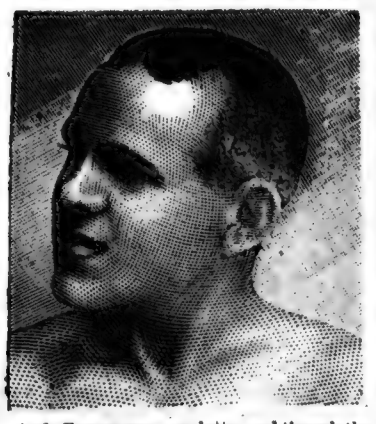


LAVIGNE KILLS BOWEN IN THE RING.

that he died the following morning. Andy Bowen, a well-known light-weight, was announced to meet "Kid" Lavigne, another light-weight, for a purse of 3,000dols. At the appointed time the hall of the club in which the fight was to take place was crowded with spectators, several thousands being present. Almost from the commencement of the fight it was seen what the result would be, as Lavigne continually had the better of each round when time was called. Finally, at the eighteenth round, Andy Bowen was knocked out, and the referee declared that Lavigne was the winner. It was seen that Bowen was in an unconscious condition, and as he did not appear to revive doctors were sent for. On their arrival they at once stated that the man was suffering from severe concussion of the brain. So serious was his condition that the medical men ordered his removal to the hospital, where he gradually grew worse, until on Saturday morning he succumbed. Information had been given to the police authorities, and immediately on the death of Bowen warrants were issued for the arrest of Lavigne and the principal officials of the Auditorium Club who assisted or were present at the fight.

"Kid" Lavigne is acknowledged to be the best man in America at 8st 10lb to 9st, and was to have come here in January to fight George Johnson at the National Sporting Club for a £150 purse.

It is hardly likely, however, that Lavigne will be permitted to leave America for some time, owing to the termination of his recent match. He is an extremely clever fighter, and possesses remarkable hitting powers.



Andy Bowen was a mulatto, and though the colour line is drawn to a painful degree in New Orleans, he always commanded the utmost respect of all lovers of pugilism because of the many game and determined battles he had participated in. It is only a short time ago that he fought a draw with James F. Carroll.

* * *

The most interesting feature in the third series of the competitions at the "Central" was the appearance of Kendrick as a contestant in the 10st 8st competition. The Lambeth representative has often assured us that reading the old fights in the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette* excited his ambition to make a figure in the boxing world; and when Jem began boxing, about ten years ago, there were few lads more clever at his weight than Master Jem.

Kendrick, in our mind, is always associated with an amelioration of the laws that a decade or so ago were so dead against boxing. When the match was made for Kendrick to fight Bill Goode, Bob Habbijam, who had the engineering of the affair, did not dare give his clients the venue, which was at the Lambeth School of Arms.

The "griffin" which we received was to meet "Bob" at Lambeth Bridge, where he had posted trusty satellites to convey intending spectators to the selected spot.

The late Jemmy Howes, who trained Kendrick, had (so he assured us) almost given his charge up as hopeless, but being under some obligation to his backer, a salesman in the market, he tried his best to bring Kendrick to the scratch in decent condition, and it was the subject of remark by the spectators that the Lambeth man fought in a pair of side spring boots.

It being a very warm night, the skylights of the School of Arms were open, and so were the back windows in Paradise Walk, from which the heads of the natives looked down on the combatants and the closely packed occupants of the "school."

Just when the battle was at its most critical point, and Bill Goode appeared to be fast succumbing, a body of police rushed into the densely packed arena, and an immediate panic ensued. Some of the spectators clambered through the skylights, others rushed for the narrow entry, smashing the forms in their mad excitement, injuring themselves and others, and only discovering those injuries when the excitement had subsided.

Fourteen persons in all, including the seconds, the proprietor of the place, and the contestants, were committed for trial at the Surrey Sessions, before the late Sir William Hardman, with the result that all the accused were acquitted, and boxing, which before had been but a hole-and-corner sport, now became a tolerated, if not a legal, pastime.

* * *

The next time we met Kendrick was again at the Lambeth School of Arms, his opponent being Jack Hickey. As we sat awaiting the advent of the contestants we were asked by a typical Irishman, who sat next us, if we knew the "bhoy" Kendrick who was about to fight. On our replying in the affirmative, the old man introduced himself as Jem's father, with the remark. "Sure, he's no raison at all, at all, to do this. He's one of the foinest paviors in all London."

Hickey's father was also present on this occasion, and Mr. Hickey looked even more Hibernian than Mr. Kendrick. In appearance Hickey *père* was the typical music-hall Pat down to the ground, with a brogue almost as thick as the blackthorn which he carried.

It is very strange that a wall only separated the counties in Ireland in which Kendrick, sen., and Hickey, sen., had their abiding places. We never wish again to see such a contest as Hickey v. Kendrick. The spectators so crowded round the ring that soon the ropes gave way, and the men fought in a circle, in which they could barely move. We were glad when all the stipulated rounds were over, and the verdict given.

However, it was the usual finish up; the two contestants went on a tour in Ireland, the result being a benefit to the purse and to the health.

* * *

We condoled with Kendrick some time since at the Eden Theatre about his shattered health. "Ah," said Jem, "if boxers know you have an infirmity they are sure to go for it." Now Jem has an infirmity, and it is below his belt, and every boxer should be immediately disqualified who hits below.

* * *

Life in London is only to be seen at the West, and the Criterion bar is the place where fighters most do congregate. It was there on one occasion that we saw a champion pugilist spit in the face of a well-known West-end teacher of boxing. There was no fight, but the exclamation of the West-end professor was: "Yah, you're a champion, you are!"

* * *

The other evening we were present when a well-known character dressed in purple and fine linen was being reviled by a more unfortunate gentleman in the pugilistic line in language like the following: "Ah, you're very clever now, but I did not go round the market to cadge a bit of skirt."

We believe Charley Banner, the big meat salesman of the Metropolitan Market, kept half the boxers in steak. We may be wrong, but we think it was Charley Banner who found the money for Kendrick when the latter fought Bill Goode.

* * *

Some persons are born a bit too early and others a bit too late. Joe Steers appears to be the head and front of amateur boxing, just as Bob Hair and Dearsley were a few years ago. We think, had it been possible for Dearsley and Joe Steers to have met, the former's straight left would have brought him out of the conflict with a winning balance.

Good as Bob Hair and Dearsley undoubtedly were, and they were the pride of the amateur boxing world, they did not run into that ambition of most boxers—whether professional or amateur—a good West-end pub. Some people not only know the noble *art*, but also the *art* of making friends.

* * *

We mentioned the other day that the late unfortunate "Squire" invariably paid for everything by cheque, but sometimes he had for his pursebearer a famous second. We remember on the occasion of the contest between Burge and Lachie Thompson, when the Squire gave a fabulous amount to remove this fixture from a certain club to the one at Kennington, this famous second paid out.

"Now then, my lads," exclaimed old Jack, as each member came forward and drank, "remember you are drinking with the Squire." Oh, what a night they were having! And now old Jack says they have lost their best playmate. Why, of course they have.

* * *

These clubs are funny places. We won't mention names, because no name, no pull; but sometimes when there are no flats the sharps are supposed to have a straight game among themselves.

On one of these occasions a loser, wondering why he lost so frequently, charged his opponent with having cards in his lap. Instead of being abashed, demanding satisfaction, or in fear of being expelled from the club for cheating, the winner calmly replied, "Why, of course I have. Ain't you? You must be a blank fool if you ain't."

* * *

"Hateen haty hate!" as a music-hall songstress once sang, was a year of surprises in the pugilistic world. It was the year in which Harry Spurden, the present 9st champion, now matched with Fitzpatrick, made his bow to the public at the Imperial Theatre as an amateur; and it was in the latter end of the year of even numbers that Ted Pritchard won the 10st 2lb competition at the Aquarium Theatre.

Bob Webb, the son of old Bob Webb, the pugilistic booth-keeper, in conjunction with old Joe Vesey (now gone over to the big majority), issued a challenge on behalf of Pritchard which was accepted by Bob Habbijam on behalf of his unknown, who turned out to be "Darby" Hayes.

Now "Darby Hayes" at the time was employed as night-porter at the Adelphi Club in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, and in very seedy condition. Hayes was backed by Joe Pfahl, the proprietor of the club, and Pritchard by the late Squire, the late Marquis of Aylesbury, and "Teddy" Bayley.

We remember Hayes asking us at the Yeomanry Club, Edgware Road, as to whether it would be advisable to have a friend or a then "favourite" second in his corner.

This was on the night that Fred Johnson and Bill Cheese, and Alf Mitchell, of Cardiff, and Alf Ball contended at the above club. Everybody knows the fiasco which took place at the Lambeth School of Arms, the refusal of the referee to give his decision at the ring side and the law proceedings, the stake money, £150, being handed over some time after at Joe Vesey's pub at Dockhead. It was the conduct of our champion on the occasion of the fight which eventually led to a meeting between the heavy and middleweight.

* * *

Seeing how successfully boxing shows are conducted in Paris at the present time, we are reminded of the early venture of Jesse Hatton in conjunction with the late Middleton Cox in introducing boxing into the gay Lutetia. The permit to box written in French cost the two promoters £100 each.

The first pards took over some of the cleverest light-weights of the day, including Jack Drew and Patsy Vaughan, but, in spite of the patronage of the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Falmouth, the Parisian trip resulted in financial failure.

* * *

Jesse began his career, like the generality of pugs, as potboy or chucker-out at old

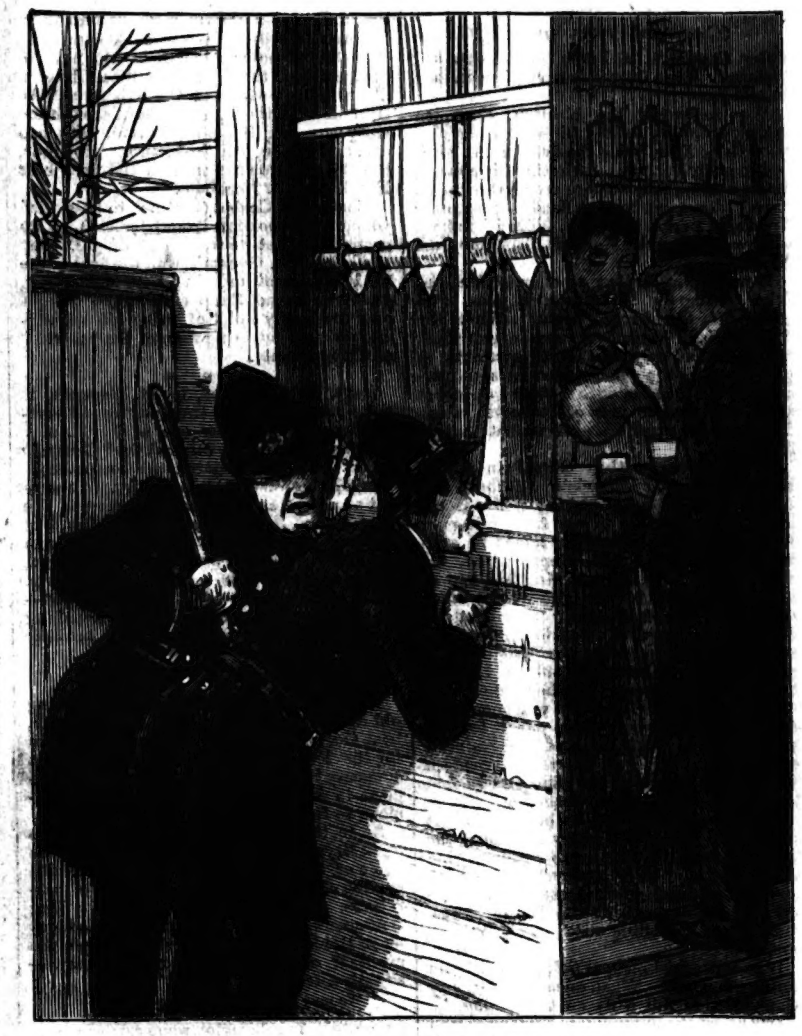
(*Continued on page* 14.)

HE WON HIS WAGER.
Strange Freak of a Young Man who Escaped Arrest.

RULES OF THE HOUSE PERFORATED.
A Section Where the Landlord Don't Boss the Show.

HE DISPERSED THE MASQUERADERS.
A Cowboy Raises Mischief Amongst Merrymakers.

HE REPRESENTED THE "NEW WOMAN."
A Masher Jeered at by Street Urchins.



BAGGED THEIR GAME.
What Two Guardians Captured After Midnight.

HE RULED THE ROOST.
A Stranger who Subdued a Gang of Roughs.

ROUND THE RING.

(*Continued from page* 11.)

Peter Crawley's, in Little Britain—no bad training. Jesse fought four ring encounters in one year.

We remember the Kentish champion taking down his family Bible and showing us with no little pride the date of his birth in the godly volume. Adjusting his glasses, Hatton remarked, "There are eleven on us here." Jesse was born at East Hannay, near Wantage, Berks, March 7, 1830, just about one year before the Norwich champion, Jem Mace.

It was Jesse Hatton who unearthed the Irish champion O'Baldwin, a man who stood 6ft. 6in. in his boots. When the "Irish Giant" came over here, a raw Irish lad, Jesse had only his cast-off garments to give him, and the giant was to be seen perambulating London with a short pea-jacket and a still shorter pair of trousers, which displayed the great O's pickaxe feet to perfection.

It was strange that O'Baldwin should have put up at "Baldwin's" Gardens, but such is the fact. Jesse had the White Horse in that locality, and it was from this poor Irish colony that O'Baldwin might be seen training, stick in hand, preparing for his engagement with Andrew Marsden, one of the best fighters for his size of any time. O'Baldwin did not, like our modern boasters, require a big hotel at a fashionable seaside watering-place to train; the "Irish Giant" was satisfied if he could only get a few block ornaments round Leather Lane.

The appetite of O'Baldwin was enormous. A leg of mutton was a mere snack for this hungry-gutted pugilist; and poor Jesse, who found he had created a modern Frankenstein, was at his wits' end to find food and clothing for his champion.

When opposed to English beef in his first essay with the late Andrew Marsden, the lathy lad from Oireland was beaten owing to his lack of "belly timber," but he soon reversed matters when Jesse let him have the run of his teeth at the White Horse, and when travelling with Bob Webb's booth.

Like most Irishmen, O'Baldwin would do nothing "mane." When once asked, by way of a joke, to kill a fly on the ceiling, he nearly killed the unfortunate humourist who had asked the great O' to so demane himself.

Poor old Jesse! The old pug. advertised for a pard early in the spring, and failing to find one, had a big job to redeem his tents, &c., this season before he could start racing. One of the most intelligent of the old brigade, he could fill a volume concerning himself and the doings of his man monster, O'Baldwin.

* * *

"It is easy to be wise after the fact," is an old Latin truism; but early in the late list of competitions ended on Saturday evening last at the "Central" we prognosticated the winners of most of the weights. To the cognoscenti it is rather wearisome to sit night after night among empty chairs—cane bottom and velvet—to witness the downfall of the small fry of boxers, whose hotel bill has not been guaranteed, and whose poor little "bread baskets" have not been packed sufficiently well to stand the wear and tear of a pushing and determined encounter.

* * *

Six stone ten is a weight undreamed of in the old days of the Fancy. Boys of this weight were supposed to be in bed at the time these competitions commence. Besides, a sovereign was such a sum that they would not have been allowed to carry it home had they even been allowed to box. The mothers and fathers, and sisters and brothers, and uncles and cousins and aunts would have mustered strong for a corner in the piece of gold. Be this as it may, the final bout of the 6st 10lb competition was won for Holloway by Ted Beach, and the ancient pugilistic rivalry between Birmingham and London, so often in dispute in the days of old, was settled by the overthrow of Jabez White, of Birmingham, and thus ended the final of this *very* light-weight competition.

It was seen from the commencement of the original feather-weight, now the 7st 4lb competition, from the tradesman-like manner in which Jem Williams disposed of his first opponent, and the way in which the lad shaped throughout the early bouts of the contest, that, bar accident, class must eventually triumph. Harry Ware comes from a good stock; but it was a match between Bendigo and Ormonde, and of course Ormonde, in the shape of Jem Williams, soon out-distanced Bendigo, otherwise Harry Ware, by points, and won.

* * *

In the 8st competition the heavier man won. A lad may only weigh 8st when he starts in these competitions, but during seven days, should his chance look rosy, he will find friends who will indulge his bent in the way of steaks, chops, oysters, or even poultry, until the 8st lad of the previous week before the competition draws to a close becomes a 9st lad. We don't know whether this was the case on Saturday, but Jack Gray appeared like the old woman at the tea meeting in "Pickwick," "to have swelled visibly." The battle was eventually to the strong, and Gray, lasting the longest in his bout with Knowles, secured the verdict.

* * *

The 8st 4lb competition, properly called the "bantams," was won by one of the Smith family—a family more numerous in boxing circles than elsewhere—so numerous, in fact, that new designations will have to be found for the Smith family of boxers. Thus, as in a German Club there will be Schmidt with the big ears, Schmidt with the curly ears, Big Schmidt, Schmidt with one eye, and so on, *ad infinitum*. However, the Somers Town Smith in the final beat Frank Scott, of Peckham.

Master Bill Corbet (that not to be denied young Irish cockney from Lambeth), as we prophesied last week, by defeating Darkey Wallace, of St. George's, won the final of the 8st 10lb competition. We hope Master Bill, otherwise Barney Sheppard's "Poll," has got over that nasty habit of using his granite-like nut as a battering-ram for the "marks" of his opponents.

* * *

Jack FitzGibbons, of St. George's, is not a bad lad to score two hard fought competitions in one week—one at the Thames Rowing Club and the other at the "Central." As in our last, we stated this competition would be between Fitz and Tilley. We were not surprised at these men meeting in the final of the 9st 4lb competition. Tilley, like Johnny Broome and a host of bygone pugilists, has a well-developed nasal organ, which appeared to be a target for Fitz, who being ambidextrous—that is two-handed—played a fine tune also on Tilley's victualling department, and eventually scored an easy win.

* * *

Alf Suffolk, who appears to be regaining old form with the addition of new strength, beat George Haskell, of Fulham, in the finals for the 10st 8lb competition, in the most summary manner, and one round was sufficient to dispose of the Fulhamite's pretensions to front rank.

Some time since we were introduced to Jack Bryan, the Drury Lane champion, by some of his Drury Lane admirers, as the coming champion of a larger sphere of usefulness. Some champions are such a long time coming that the waiting process induces us to think that life is too short to see the eventual result. As the old song says—slightly altered:—

> We may not live to see the day,
> But perhaps our little children may,
> The champion who's coming.

However, Jack Bryan managed to run into the final of the 11st 6lb competition, and then to have his championship pretensions settled in one round by Dido Plumb. Now when an exhibition spar took place under our supervision at the Godwin Club between Dido Plumb and Toff Wall, the latter not only showed his superiority, but Plumb admitted it by asking that the four rounds should be short ones. Now if Dido Plumb beats the coming champion, Jack Bryan, in one round, what about "Toff" Wall?

* * *

There are two Dromios in the boxing world—not that they are alike in form or feature, the resemblance is only in name. This is an age of competition—mercantile as well as boxing—and if these boxers cannot advertise in the usual style, "Ask for *Arthur* Callan and take no other," or "Ask for *Harry* Callan and take no other," Arthur believes that Harry, and Harry believes that Arthur, is trading on his name.

Though living in districts of London as wide as the poles asunder, Arthur, of Wood Green, N., is for ever giving the boxing public to understand that he is not Harry, of Earlsfield, S.W., and vice-versâ.

Now these two Dromios met at Jack Angle's show on Friday last, when fortune proved unkind, and instead of the two Callans meeting to fight out supremacy as

> When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war,

they both opposed the ultimate winner Jack Fitzgibbon, through Harry Callan succumbing to the former (the actual winner of the contest) in the first series.

Should these two Callans, Harry, of Earlsfield, and Arthur, of Wood Green, ever meet to settle their long-standing "monniker" rivalry, the combat will be like that of the famous Kilkenny cats—nothing will be left but their tails.

* * *

We noticed this Fitzgibbon, the winner of the Thames B.C. 9st 4lb competition, at Pop's Show recently held at the Godwin Club, and we then thought Fitz would make it warm for anyone near his weight. Boxers, who are proverbially bad judges, then thought different. Perhaps now they may see their "blooming" errror. Since the famous Dan Donnelly and Jack Langan came from Oireland, the former to defeat every mother's son in England, and the latter to be defeated by Tom Spring, dhirty Dublin has been the Irish headquarters of the Fancy.

This was noticed on Friday evening last, when Jem Lee, of Dublin, avenged the injustice to Oireland by defeating E. Jackson, of Sunderland. The match being of a private nature, there were not many persons present; but the most remarkable person in the crowd was the elderly Liliputian, Tommy Monk, of Birmingham, who seconded Jackson.

It is a good many years since we last looked on Tommy's old-fashioned physog. Tommy will remember his old tutor, Charley Franks, late of Brum, and then of London who instituted the competitions at Old Sadler's Wells Theatre early in the seventies. Franks, in the long ago, had Tommy Monk in London, training for a match for what was considered in those days a big money stake, but not worth fighting for in these.

We were introduced to Tommy near the late Charley Franks' residence, in a turning somewhere out of the Goswell Road, and—no offence, Tommy—we thought that Brum had the merit of producing the most extraordinary-looking little fighting man we had ever clapped eyes on.

* * *

The Jews, on the eve of their Shobos, had a night to themselves, when Ben Harris gave his co-religionists a pugilistic treat down Vitechapel way at Mr. Lipman's saloon at the Black Swan, Commercial Road.

There were two six-round and one eight-round contests. In the first, Walter de Costa beat Lew Smith; in the second, Edward Silver beat Simmy Oker; and in the third, Clarence Holt beat Jack Buckhorn. Honours being fairly equal, the Israelites and the Philistines shook hands, and Benny Harris, like little Jack Horner,

> Sat in a corner, and said what a good boy am I?

* * *

The "gentle" William Mortimer (we say William to distinguish William from Ted of that ilk) had a special night at the Assembly Rooms, East Ham, the place being crowded to excess.

As our old friend, Brummy Meadows, considers brevity the soul of wit, his report of the special night is like good special whiskey, not much for thrippence; but we gather, however, from it (the report) that those in the boxing world who were not at East Ham were somewhere else; and that Brummy does not have all the paper given him to write about his friends. However, as Brummy

> Does not rhyme to that dull elf
> Who cannot image to himself,

we may tell our readers that after exhibition sparring by all the local champions and amateurs, there was an eight-round contest between Bill Bolton and F. Gaster, which Bolton won; and that the wind-up was between the beneficiaire (Who's that bloke?" we hear our boxer reader's cry), W. Mortimer and G. Beach.

* * *

There was a merry bit of boxing down Woolwich way on Friday, when Joe Jacobs beat C. White in an eight-round contest; Joe Buckland beat F. Aicken in a six-round contest; and Jack Sullivan beat Arthur Wallace in a six-round ditto. Mike McGough was the M.C.

* * *

Old Jem Mace appears to be unsettled as to what he will do in the near future. He finds England rather a salubrious place to remain in, and whether he will venture abroad or not is merely a matter of speculation. He contemplated a visit to South Africa, and so did Slavin. Neither has gone as yet. Mace now talks of going to the States to box his quondam opponent, Tom Allen, at St. Louis.

Such a contest would hardly draw a very large "gate," because both men are too well advanced in years to put up a rugged fight.

Allen is one of the old Birmingham school, having been born at the hardware town in 1840. He is 5ft 9½in in height, and fought at 12st 7lb. When but twenty-one years of age he disposed of Waggoner and Gould, two Brums, for small stakes. In 1862, he beat Posh Price. Two years later he vanquished Bingey Rose, of Nottingham, in ten rounds, but less than six months afterwards he succumbed to Bob Smith, the Liverpool black, after milling two hours and fifteen minutes. Allen scored a victory over John Parkinson in twenty minutes, in a second meeting with Posh Price he was awarded the stake after battling forty-one rounds. He beat George Iles, June 12, 1866, and on March 5, 1867, he fought a draw with Joe Goss in Monmouthshire. After receiving forfeits from Mike Cocklin, Peter Millard, and Bill Thorpe he went to America, accompanied by Peter Morris and Bill Ryall. His first opponent there was Bill Davis, whom he vanquished in forty-three rounds near St. Louis, January 12, 1869. Six weeks later he took on Charley Gallagher, who knocked Allen senseless with a right-hander on the jugular. He faced Mike McCoole on Foster's Island, in the Mississippi River, July 15, of the same year and after having McCoole beaten dead to the world in the ninth round, the mob broke into the ring and besieged the referee for a verdict against Allen. At the same place, August 17, 1869, Gallagher met Allen for a second time and was fairly beaten in eleven rounds, but the mob ruled matters, and got a decision in favour of Gallagher.

Jem Mace paid a visit to the States, and made a match with Allen for 5,000 dollars and the championship.

They met near New Orleans, May 10, 1870, when Allen found himself so completely outclassed that it only took ten rounds for Mace to bring him to grief. He was in no way discouraged by his defeat, because, on September 23, 1873, he pounded McCoole into insensibility in twenty-nine rounds. Allen fought Joe Goss in two rings in Kentucky, in 1876, and though he had the best of the twenty-one rounds fought Goss got the decision on a foul.

He is keeping a public-house in St. Louis, and having been on the shelf for a great many years it is hardly likely he could accomplish more than an ordinary exhibition spar.

* * *

We notice that Knifton's election as guardian to the parish of St. Luke's has caused him to suffer from a disorder only too common to weak-headed persons, and that is forgetfulness of old obligations. With some men of our acquaintance their word is sufficient; others we would not believe if they took all the oaths in the calendar.

ANOTHER VETERAN PASSES AWAY.

The death of Mr. R. H. Wyndham, for many years associated with theatrical management in Edinburgh, took place Sunday morning at his residence, Sloane Street, London. Born in Dublin in April, 1814, Mr. Wyndham, who was a gentleman of good social position and superior education, became early enamoured of the stage, and soon unmistakably showed his capacity, gifts and natural qualifications for success in the theatrical profession. He made his first appearance in the northern capital about the year 1845, and during the period from 1851 till 1875 he held the lesseeship of theatres in Edinburgh, notably the Theatre Royal, since 1876. Both Mr. Irving and Mr. Toole were in his stock company in 1854. Mr. Wyndham has lived in retirement in London. No doubt, in addition to the talent and accomplishments of Mr. Wyndham, much of the success attending his managerial career was due to the energy of Mrs. Wyndham and her natural aptitude and ability in theatrical business of every kind. Mr. Wyndham is survived by his widow, two daughters, and a son, Mr. Frederick Wyndham, co-lessee with Mr. J. B. Howard, of the Edinburgh Lyceum Theatre, and of the Theatres Royal of Newcastle and Glasgow.

BOTH YOUNG, BUT OH MY!

Henry Irons and Victor Barry, aged thirteen and eleven respectively, were a week ago remanded by the magistrate at Marylebone to the workhouse, after having signalised themselves by committing a burglary at a confectioner's shop in Kentish Town for the purpose of obtaining sweets, bon-bons, and other fancy articles with which to decorate a Christmas tree which they intended to present to the Sunday-school class of which they are ornaments. They ate a considerable quantity of the sweetstuff themselves, and consequently were unable to run fast enough to escape the clutches of a constable. In the workhouse the urchins determined to rival the fame of Jack Sheppard by an escape as daring as the notorious reprobate's flight from Newgate. They went to bed in a ward where remanded boys are kept, and during the night-time, when nurses and inmates were asleep, they stealthily rose, put on their clothes, crept quietly downstairs, climbed some high iron railings, dropped to the public highway on the other side, and disappeared. Consequently, when the case was called on Saturday there were no prisoners. Subsequently Irons was brought to the court by his father, who declared that generally the lad was a good boy. The magistrate again remanded him to the same workhouse, and suggested that he should be guarded a little more closely this time. Barry has not yet been found. It may be that he is busy making the final arrangements for the Christmas tree.

"Is Mother Dolan very sick?" asked the sympathetic neighbour.

"Ter'ble. The docther said the day he wor goin' to diagnose his case."

"Goin' to phwat?"

"Diagnose it."

"Mrs. Dolan, take my advice. Put a musthard plashter on 'im an' trust to luck. More people nowadays is kilt by the docthers than by the disayse!"

WE ARE INFORMED

— That a Boston paper says: "One of the interesting features of the performance at the Park last night was the presence of Lillie Langtry's daughter in the right-hand stage box. In her pretty pink frock, an accordion-pleated slip, with her chestnut hair brushed back and braided down her back, she was one of the prettiest sights in the house, especially when she stood up after the first act and flung a bunch of roses at her mother's feet. About thirteen years old, she already shows signs of great beauty, and bears herself even now with the sang-froid of a belle."

* * *

— That Mr. J. L. Graydon celebrated his twenty-third anniversary on Thursday last, when a special programme was successfully gone through.

* * *

— That Yvette Guilbert is drawing big houses at the Empire; she has added "Linger Longer, Loo," in English, which has gained tremendous applause.

* * *

— That Mr. Harry Lundy, the popular manager of the Canterbury, will take his benefit on Monday, January 21.

* * *

— That the Star Music Hall, Bristol, was offered for sale last week by public auction, but was withdrawn, as the reserve price, viz., £3,000, was not reached.

* * *

— That Miss Bessie Bellwood, in her new song, "Seraphina Spotter," a female detective, goes well, and has caught on.

* * *

— That the following new productions have seen the light for the first time, viz.:— "Old Clo," at the Metropole, Birkenhead, on Saturday, December 8; "The Scales of Justice; or Recommended to Mercy," at the Standard, London, on December 10; "Mary Queen of Scots" at the Royal, Richmond, on December 10.

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— That "The Chieftain," by F. C. Burnand and Sir Arthur Sullivan, in two acts, was produced at the Savoy on Wednesday, the 12th inst.

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— That Mr. Henry Irving and company intend to visit America again in September next for a tour of thirty-five weeks.

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— That next year a South African Exhibition will be held at the Crystal Palace.

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— That Mr. Bernard Armstrong married Helena Brunt, late of the Tiller Troupe, on the 10th inst. at Newcastle.

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— That Flo Banks has another good song entitled "A Fairy Tale," which she sang at the West London last week. The chorus was taken up by the audience, which means well for its success.

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— That Belia Cushman, of the Black Swan Trio, who died last week at Cardiff, was interred on the 6th inst.

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— That Katie Lawrence has brought an action against the Blackpool Winter Gardens Company for permitting the song entitled "Daisy Bell" to be sung twice a day for seventy-seven days. The case has been adjourned for a week.

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— That Hengler's Circus is about to be transformed into the National Real Ice Skating Palace. Mr. W. Hancock, the well-known theatrical architect, has been entrusted with the work.

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— That Mr. Jim O'Gorman, brother of Joe O'Gorman, died in Dublin, Saturday week.

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— That Mr. Charles Collette has been making himself a favourite at the Empire, Leicester, during the past week.

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— That the Sisters Preston, after a most successful tour in the States, returned by the s.s. Etruria, on Friday last.

* * *

— That the Eden Palace of Varieties closed its doors on Saturday week. A pantomime will probably be produced at the house in the near future.

— That Mr. Edward Jones, of the Grand Theatre of Varieties, Manchester, means to win a fair amount of support by the energy and enterprise he shows in bringing together such a large and powerful combination of talent for the delectation of his numerous patrons. Amongst a list comprising twelve turns are to be found Arthur Corney, a comedian of considerable calibre on the variety stage, who shows to advantage in an excellent repertoire of amusing songs. A distinct feature worthy of notice is the excellent scientific boxing display as given by Professor Norton and Madame de Vere. The lady is well up to her work in warding off the blows, and can both give and take capital punishment. Allan and Hart, American song and dance artistes, are a pair of performers unique in their particular line of business. The rest of the artistes are all up to high-water mark, and their efforts succeed accordingly.

* * *

— That Mr. Tom Fullan and Mr. F. Ferdinand will give a grand miscellaneous concert on Saturday, December 29, at the Onward Temperance Hall, Fairfield Street, Manchester. Mr. F. Ferdinand's orchestra will be in attendance, a capital list of artistes have been engaged, and we hope a big muster will rally around.

* * *

— That Mr. Probasco's talking horse Mahomet is at present appearing at Ronacher's Theatre of Varieties, Vienna, and making a big hit. The Austrians are astounded at the marvel.

* * *

— Mr. Peter Watson's bill of fare at the Palace, Manchester, for the current week includes Katie Lawrence, Hector and Louraine, Herr and Lisbon, Mdlle. Claire Delmeur, the Four Banwells, the Tiller Troupe, Walter Munroe, Florrie Gallimore, Dutch Daly, Les Donartos, and the Wood Travellis Trio. Surely a host of talent that should pack the house nightly.

* * *

— That those who are fond of a conversation on sporting matters and topics of the latest news anent the Turf, when in Manchester should pay a visit to mine host George Gamble, of the Crown and Anchor, in Lever Street, where they will find both excellent company and refreshment to while away a pleasant half hour.

* * *

— That Yvette Guilbert, the well-known comedienne, who lately appeared in London, has just signed contracts to appear with Mr. Marchand at his various halls in Paris, at the princely sum of £156 per week—seven nights to the week, of course. Not a bad salary for a music hall artiste.

MATT JOHNSON.

A Manchester Sport who Has Won Two Sheffield Handicaps.

(With Portrait.)

THIS famous sprinter first saw the light in Hulme, Manchester; and it was his removal to a village called Blackwin, about four miles from Sheffield, which first induced Matt to try his 'prentice hand at sprinting. Matt's first match of any importance was with Tom Bentley, for £25 a-side, a match which was made because of dissatisfaction with the decision of the judge in a £10 handicap. Twelve and ten pound handicaps innumerable have fallen to the lot of Matt. It does not fall to the lot of many men to win two £100 Sheffield Handicaps, but this feat Johnson has accomplished, giving Gent, who afterwards became champion of the world, 1¾ yards, and to run fourth to Hutchens when that champion made his 300 yards record at Edinburgh. It was no slight achievement to beat Ford, of Halifax (a Sheffield Handicap winner), for a "pony" in a 200 yards race, Ford being stripped and in running costume, while Johnson was in ordinary walking attire.

Johnson's Sheffield victories were:— Newhall Grounds, April 7, 1885, off the 82½ yard mark, in a 196 yards handicap; Newhall Grounds, April, 1886, off the 83½ yards mark, in a 202 yards handicap.

Johnson has retired from athletics, and is now manager of the Fish Hotel, Deansgate, Manchester.

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THE FOLLOWING PLEASE WRITE AT ONCE:
Maude Granville, Jennie Primrose, Alf Robin, Arthur Albert, Paynes, Ellis and Juan.
What Price the Company at Oxford this Week?
I have appointed W. HODGSON, nephew of MacDermott and J. H. Milburn, my Assistant Manager.
"And we are all workers."
Did you see interview last week?

— That in the Divorce Division Sir F. Jeune, after consulting counsel, said the case of Russell would have to go over to next sittings. This is a suit for restitution of conjugal rights by Countess Russell against her husband.

* * *

— That at Yarmouth a brother and sister named Sudders got a week's hard labour for child neglect. It was shown that prisoners lived together under horrible circumstances, and had had two children. The only furniture in the home consisted of fish trunks and boxes, and the bed was made of sacks and straw. The state of the child was the worst in the doctor's experience, owing to filth and neglect. The child was handed over to the National Society.

* * *

— That Detective Fuller, of the F Division, Paddington, has been appointed to a position at Scotland Yard, and his salary increased another £100 per annum, in consideration of the able manner he conducted the prosecution of Mrs. Gordon Baillie.

* * *

— That a band of masked robbers stopped a train on the Rock Island Railway near Wichita, Kansas, and finding no booty in the express car went through the passenger carriages, and deprived the passengers of all their money and jewellery. Several of the passengers resisted, and shots were exchanged, but nobody was seriously hurt. The United States Marshal promptly organised a pursuit, which ended successfully in the capture of the whole of the band.

* * *

— That at Coffeeville, Alabama, three white men have been taken from the gaol and shot dead. They belonged to a gang of illicit distillers and desperadoes who were recently driven out of the State, but returned.

* * *

— That the Palace Theatre Company, Limited, have lodged an appeal against Mr. Justice Lawrance's recent decision in the action brought against them by Mr. Charles Coborn, who was summarily dismissed from the Palace for addressing the audience from the stage other than in his song.

* * *

— That the case of England v. Crossland, which was an action by a well-known actress to recover damages for breach of promise of marriage from the nephew of a Yorkshire member of Parliament, came before the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury. Before the case commenced, however, Sir Edward Clarke had a consultation with the defendant, and announced that he would consent to judgment against him for £350 damages and costs. Judgment was accordingly entered for the plaintiff.

* * *

— That from Williamstone, in South Carolina, another terrible story of murder followed by lynching is reported. A negro lad named Sullivan, only fifteen years old, was guilty of the crime of murdering a white baby. He had fiendishly hacked his little victim to pieces with an axe. Sullivan was arrested and lodged in gaol, but a mob succeeded in obtaining possession of the culprit. At midnight at a given signal Sullivan's body was riddled with bullets.

* * *

—That a case of child murder by a young mother formed the subject of an enquiry by the Dover coroner at Garlinge. The accused is a girl named Marsh, belonging to Whitfield, Dover, and she confessed that she had strangled the child with a handkerchief, but hardly knew what she was doing at the time. Evidence as to finding the body of the child in a tin trunk in the girl's room and medical testimony having been given, the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against the girl.

* * *

— That a strange case of manslaughter was heard at the Birmingham Assizes when James Kelley was placed in the dock. Some time ago he and his brother, both being drunk, fought savagely, and could not be separated. The police were sent for, and when they arrived the accused dashed into the house and came out with a blazing paraffin lamp. This he hurled at the policeman, striking him on the head and causing a serious wound. The lamp fell to the ground and exploded, setting fire to the clothes of a woman named Charlotte King, who was standing near. Efforts were made to extinguish the flames, but the woman died next day. The prisoner was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

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THE MAID: "No, sir; my mistress is not at home."

The Caller (savagely): "Well, tell her not to sit before the front window with the curtains open, then!"

* * *

MRS. WICKWIRE: "Do you know that the doctors say that too constant piano practice is likely to produce curvature of the spine?"

Mr. Wickwire: "I didn't know it before, but I don't doubt it. At least, it makes the neighbours get their backs up."

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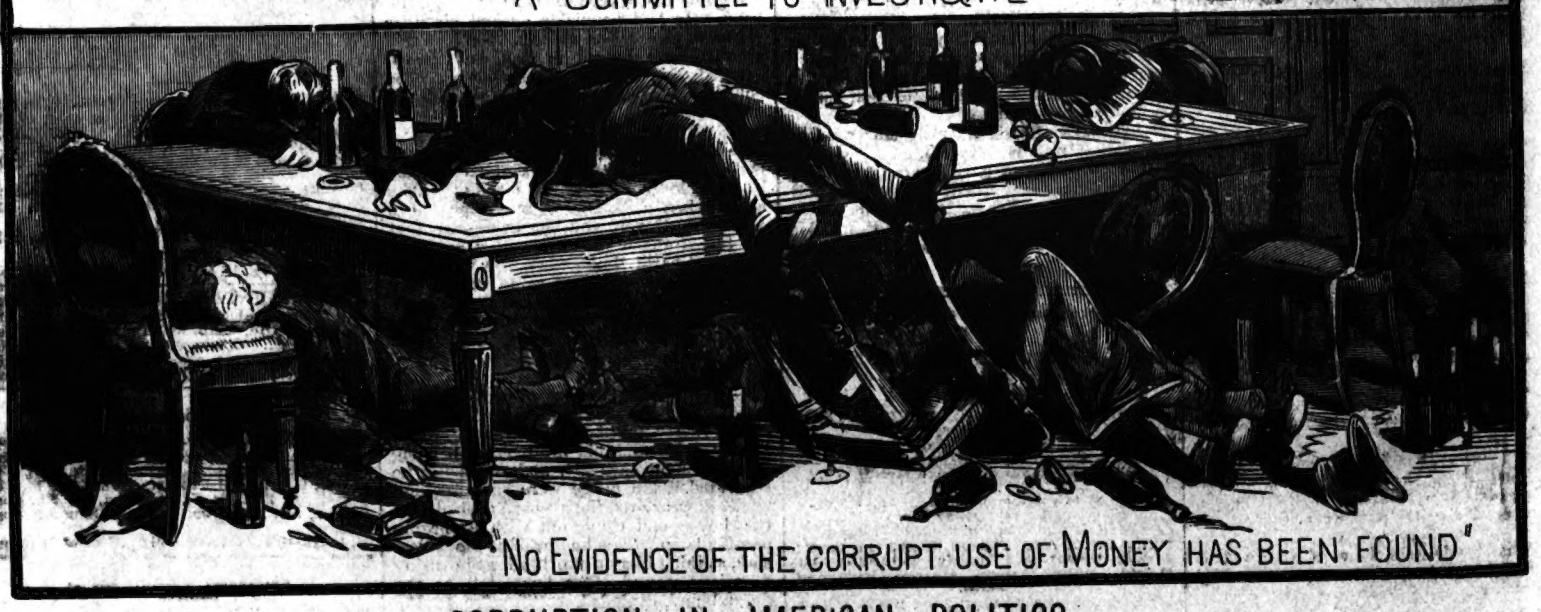

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